

Superchron
Admits the use
of private dicks
in KRON-TV
license
renewal
battle
pg 9

A tale
of two
towers

An architect talks about
SF's 'Trans-America'
and Sausalito's 'Madonna'
towers - pg 5



Art For And Of The People

-- an important

Third World

exhibition

pg 16



The ethics
of the
State Senate's
ethics committee
pg 1, 3



The SAN FRANCISCO
only
SAN FRANCISCANS see
Sketches by Earl Thollander pg 7

PLUS:

- Kenneth Rexroth
pg. 4;
- Margo Skinner
pg. 13;
- Rolfe Peterson
pg. 12;
- Joel Fort
pg. 4;
- And Free ads
for artisans, pg. 10;
- starting ON GUARD
pg. 11.
- Lynn Strongin on
the agony of the
disabled, pg. 6;
- Richard Stookey
meets a Panther,
pg. 10;



The short and happy life of the Senate's ethics committee

By Tiffin Patrick

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SACRAMENTO--The Legislature its leaders call the best state legislative body in the world has demonstrated once again its "greatness" does not extend to the recognition of wrongdoing by its own members.

In action no less surprising than the finding by Gov. Reagan's staff that he lathered himself in glory in the People's Park episode, the Joint Legislative Ethics Committee recently undertook to "clear" Sen. Richard J. Dolwig (R-Atherton) of any conflict of interest in a smelly \$185,000 insurance deal.

The clearance came when the committee chairman, Sen. Harvey Johnson (D-El Monte) a notoriously weak legislator with a fondness for drink, reversed himself after a session with Dolwig and his legislative friends and declined to investigate anything.

The Joint Legislative Ethics Committee has a record of NEVER investigating any complaint against any legislator since its founding in 1967.

Legislators thus enjoy a privileged status exceeded only by the lobbyist members of the Third House. No lobbyist has ever been charged with a violation of the 15-year-old Lobbyist Registration Act, even though several lobbied for years without bothering to register.

The Ethics Committee was the product of a remarkable promotion engineered by that supreme legislative promoter, the then-Speaker of the Assembly Jesse M. Unruh (D-Inglewood). During his seven-year reign as speaker, Unruh padded the state payroll with hundreds of loyal research consultants and special aides in an avowed effort to give the legislative branch of government a capabil-

ity equivalent to the executive.

Unruh's thesis on the Third House was simplicity itself: He argued that legislators, who until 1967 earned only \$6,700 a year, were in their poverty easy prey for lobbyists. With the help of lobbyists Unruh has done favors for, the Assembly speaker expanded the resources of the Assembly and in 1966 led the battle for Proposition 1-A, a state ballot measure that ratified a \$10,000 legislative pay increase and gave the Legislature power to set its own salaries.

However, Unruh needed more than a constitutional revision to win the necessary editorial support for his grand maneuver. As bait for the sal-

ary increase, he inserted a legislative ethics section into the salary bill that created the Ethics Committee in apparent compliance with the mandate of Proposition 1-A requiring conflict-of-interest prohibitions by the Legislature. In fairness to Unruh, the high-sounding, but functionally weak conflict-



Beginning our fourth year

As a special offer to new subscribers, the Guardian will give, with each 24 issue subscription, a copy of the media critique, "Chicago and the Press," written by Nathan B. Blumberg, former dean of Montana State University School of Journalism.

See excerpts on pgs. 8 and 9 and, to get the text, use the Guardian subscription blank on p 3.



of-interest provisions in the bill were made even weaker in the process of passage by a Senate committee of which Dolwig was a key member.

When he argued before the Senate this year that a campaign disclosure bill was needed for all public officers, Unruh bluntly conceded that the "ethics" provision in the 1966 law was worthless. He admitted his present bill didn't go as far as it should, but nonetheless urged its passage in these words: "Right now we have nothing."

-- continued to page 3



Bill Anderson: It was Friday afternoon and I was all set to attend the Black Panther conference for a United Front against Fascism in America.

I'm a black man and of course concerned with what goes on in the movement for black liberation and also what goes on in a wider political-cultural context and I automatically planned to go to the conference but suddenly the thought of listening to one more political speech disgusted me, and I found myself instead listening that evening to a tape of Richard Alpert's recent lecture in the Bay Area about another aspect of the revolution--the individual struggle for self-realization.

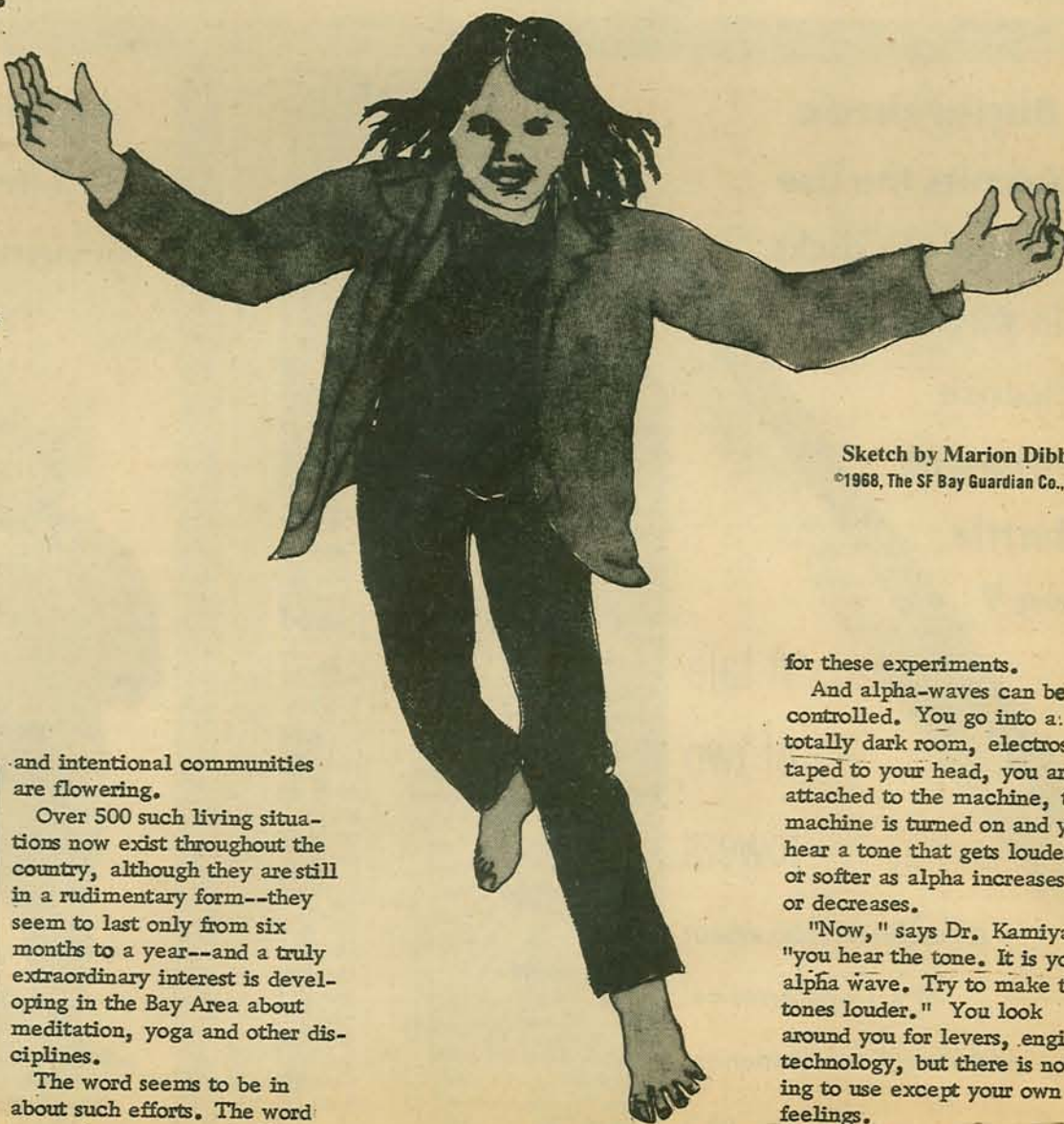
In the last year here in San Francisco, a similar shift from concentrating on political and social questions to a concern for revolution on a smaller scale, in one's personal life, has been occurring both in radical and in liberal political circles.

Is this a cop out? I don't think so; instead, it seems to show a desire to take care of the real business of the revolution, to bring about a change in behavior in our own lives, to communicate better, to love better and to show the uncommitted middle that there is a better way to life.

There is certainly something offensive in calling a policeman a pig, even he is acting pig-like --it goes against one's human instincts--and in general the political action of movement people has hardly made most Americans feel that they can be part of a positive movement.

Many of us feel that the absence of joy in our lives, along with absence of significant political change in this country--except to the right--indicate that nothing much has really happened. But some elements of the cultural revolution offer a much more positive sign for the future, and it may even be that the desire of the middle class to escape the up-tight American bag will in the end be more effective in bringing about fundamental change than the nitty-gritty economic grievances of the minorities and of the poor.

At any rate, people are streaming to Esalen, Encounter groups are springing up all over the Bay Area, and communes



Sketch by Marion Dibble
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for these experiments.

And alpha-waves can be controlled. You go into a: totally dark room, electros taped to your head, you are attached to the machine, the machine is turned on and you hear a tone that gets louder or softer as alpha increases or decreases.

"Now," says Dr. Kamiya, "you hear the tone. It is your alpha wave. Try to make the tones louder." You look around you for levers, engines, technology, but there is nothing to use except your own feelings.

And eventually, it is possible for almost everybody to control the volume of the tone--and also, by implication--

--continued on page 14

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and intentional communities are flowering.

Over 500 such living situations now exist throughout the country, although they are still in a rudimentary form--they seem to last only from six months to a year--and a truly extraordinary interest is developing in the Bay Area about meditation, yoga and other disciplines.

The word seems to be in about such efforts. The word comes from our own feelings. These efforts do not indicate that everybody in San Francisco is freaking out--in spite of how this may appear--but rather that we are beginning to look for specific ways to bring revolution in our own lives--to be able to relate to one's old lady for example.

Richard Alpert, formerly an associate of Timothy Leary, gave a series of lectures recently that were very well attended by hip people. He now calls himself Baba Ram Dass.

The subject of his lectures: how to be fulfilled. He describes his life as an assistant professor at Harvard, his realization of how empty it was, of his search for ecstasy and fulfillment first through the use of drugs, and later by involving himself in Eastern religious disciplines--mainly yoga. His lecture is about his personal experience, but he discusses in specific detail what to do about existential difficulties that occur to all of us. What do you do for example when you feel your past rolling over you, bringing you down, when you are in the middle of the present?

How do you stay high? How do you pay attention to what's going on in the moment when you find yourself wondering if your old lady is cheating on you?

The significant thing about these talks is not so much the

interest of the subject matter as it is the interest of the audience. Their attention indicates that at last somebody is talking about the things that really matter.

Another significant effort is: the alpha-wave experiments of Joe Kamiya at the U.C. Medical Center. Alpha-waves are the predominant electrical waves generated by the brain.

They can be picked up by an electro-encephalogram. The subjective feeling attached to these waves, as described by many subjects, is one of well-being, fulfillment, a calm but alert state and in general the "high" sensation. Zen meditation masters are extremely good at producing such waves, it seems to be a natural outcome of meditation, for example.

It does not take much imagination to see how useful the ability to generate such waves might be in one's own personal life. For example, their mastery in subjects who have severe neurotic difficulties might be crucial.

But the promise of at least partial control of one's own mental state is widely exciting also to people who are already functioning and as a result people from all over the country are volunteering

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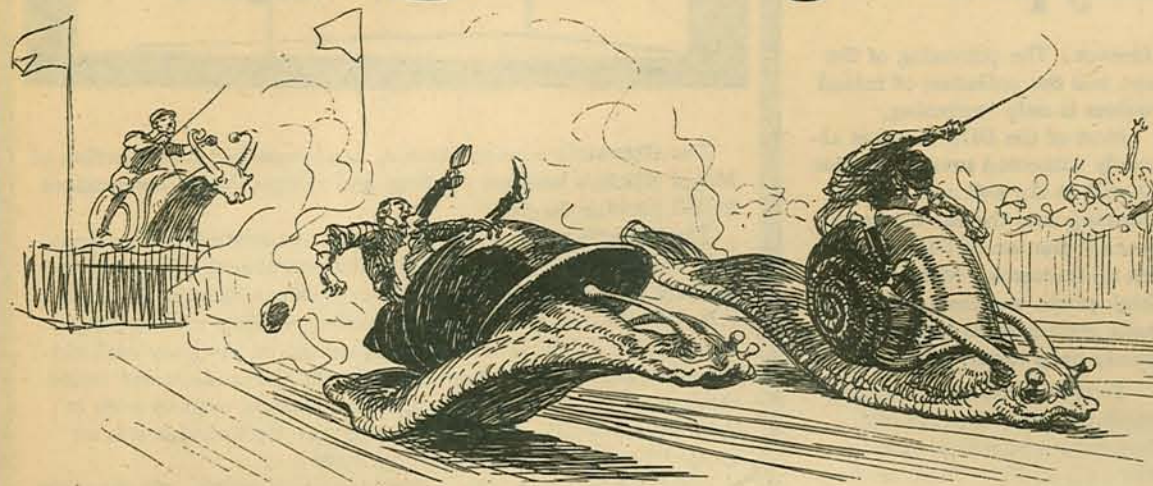
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Gangway! the ethics committee is on the move



—continued from page 1

The demonstration of this nothingness has come from the Joint Legislative Ethics Committee itself.

In 1967, the committee declined to look into a variety of purported irregularities alleged against then-Assemblyman Charles Meyers (D-San Francisco). The committee, then in its formative state, ignored the issue and left the predictable inaction to the Assembly Rules Committee.

Late in 1968 the Los Angeles Times revealed that then-Senate President Pro Tem Hugh M. Burns (D-Fresno) had shared with an insurance lobbyist some \$500,000 in profits earned by an insurance firm that was helped by Burns-sponsored legislation. The Ethics Committee was then chaired by Burns, who declined to investigate his own activities.

The Times, capably represented in the state capitol by investigative reporter Robert

Fairbanks, also disclosed the Dolwig affair events. Dolwig long suspected of a bushel basket of conflicts but never closely pinned down on any, is the old fox of the Senate.

Despite his cleverness, the Atherton senator seemed neatly trapped by the Times, which found he stood to make \$185,000 from an investment in an insurance firm under terms of a stock-selling permit issued by the state insurance commissioner.

Denied conflict

The permit was granted after Dolwig introduced legislation, which he later dropped, to eliminate Insurance Commissioner Richard Barger's deputy. Dolwig denied any conflict and accused the Times of several conflicts of its own but seemed to weaken his own case by insisting that his services in the insurance deal began before the 1966 legislative code was enacted.

This was a tacit admission that they might be improper now.

Ethics Committee Chairman Harvey Johnson (D-El Monte) promised a full investigation and the capitol buzzed with speculation that newly-elected Senate President Pro Tem Howard Way (R-Tulare) would replace the three Senate members of the Ethics Committee—Dolwig cronies Burns, Sen. Jack Schrade (R-San Diego) and Jack McCarthy (R-San Rafael)—with three senators who might be expected to exercise greater ethical objectivity.

As it turned out, Way did no such thing and Assembly Speaker Robert Monagan (R-Tracy) also privately discouraged any inquiry on grounds it would adversely reflect on the Legislature.

On the day of the promised investigation, Johnson and his two assembly associates on the committee—Carley Porter (D-

Compton) and Frank Lanterman (R-La Canada)—met in closed door session with senate colleagues.

None wanted to pursue the matter and all senators involved were angry at Johnson for promising reporters he would investigate. They forced him to pledge he would not conduct an inquiry and Johnson adjourned the meeting, vaguely promising reporters at the door "preliminary investigation," then disappearing later in the day into the offices of McCarthy and Assemblyman Carlos Bee (D-Hayward) to solace himself with drink.

When a reporter finally tracked him down, Johnson, who is 64, murmured: "Be kind to me, I'm getting old."

A weak law

The press, by and large, was unkind to Johnson, whose actions reflected weakness and legislative clubmanship rather than larceny. But everyone, particularly the Ethics Committee, was overly kind to Dolwig, who once again escaped any kind of inquiry into conduct which on its face deserved the most serious investigation. (It should be mentioned here that legislators enjoy protections before the Ethics Committee enjoyed by no other citizen before any

legislative body. They can cross-examine witnesses, for example.)

The conflict law is so weak that an inquiry probably would have amounted to nothing. In the Burns case, the state attorney general held Burns had not committed a conflict under the law. But he added, significantly, that a member of the executive branch would be in conflict for the identical conduct.

While the ethics provisions of Proposition 1-A are being ignored, the Legislature is taking full advantage of its salary-escalating power. The "greatest legislature in the world" has obstinately refused to raise aid-to-needy-children payments since 1967, but it is in the process of boosting its own pay from \$16,000 to \$19,500. The salary is seriously misleading, however, since legislators enjoy several tax-free expense payments that makes the actual salary equivalent to about \$35,000 a year.

With its salary-setting power firmly secured, the Legislature no longer needs the window dressing of an Ethics Committee. And despite its hard-won facade of "independence", the Legislature's ethics are just about the same as they always were—which is not very good.

THE END



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A last hope - a kingdom in the face of apocalypse

Last month I took part in a poetry reading at Nourse Auditorium--a benefit for the Planning and Conservation League.

A goodly number of the city's leading poets read and the auditorium was comfortably full. What was impressive was the immediate spontaneous response to the very name of the organization, which most of the audience and participants had never heard of. Equally impressive was the character of the audience. They were like the people who came to the Six Gallery's historic readings in 1955-56 and the one in Fugazi Hall almost 10 years later.

It was as though the freaked out generation had never been, as though the Flower Children had never been sold down the river by the Mafia. I do not mean the people were all that old. Most were as young or younger than those you see making out in the gutter on Haight Street.

These people were not victims. They gave every indication of being able to manage their own lives in terms of the values of the alternative society. They had all shown up at the call of conservation because they knew what the other alternative, the dominant society, was all about.

Extinction.

This is the most significant development in the counter culture. The teeny boppers may still be in revolt against their fathers and mothers. El-

derly half crazy novelists may still be organizing centers all over Europe to sell society on free heroin. The Underground Press may be full of naked, dope gossip and comic pornographic personals, but the interest of the counter culture has shifted to the most important issue in human history.

We are becoming extinct. Extinct has become an active verb with a reflexive--s'extincter. The dominant society is extinguishing itself along with everything else it can extinct and especially us.

KENNETH REXROTH

Perfectly calm and collected scientists now say that it is unlikely that the human race will last into the next century, and that in the next five or ten years there will begin a series of catastrophic famines in each of which hundreds of millions will die. There are thousands of other species of sentient beings who will go out with man.

The possibilities of reversing this process are exceedingly remote. If measures of salvation were put into effect now, this week, most could not begin to pay off for a generation.

Japanese birth control specialists estimate that a program as effective as theirs will take 30 years to really make a dif-

ference. The poisoning of the sea and the pollution of inland waters is only beginning.

Most of the DDT that has already extincted several species is still in the soil and will be washing into the sea for years, even if the use of DDT is given up tomorrow. Most of the high prairie and the intermountain grazing areas have already been destroyed.

Twenty years ago, demographers looked forward with horror to 3 billion people in the year 2,000. There are now 3 1/2 billion people alive.

Civilization, and not just Western civilization, shows all the symptoms of ever accelerating breakdown. If "civilization" means the control of life to insure steadily increasing experience of values in both intensity, scope and depth, civilization is not breaking down, it came to an end in August, 1914.

Man has lost control. What is accelerating is not the breakdown of civilization, but the breakdown of the species as such. Unless the processes now operating are reversed, and when reversed, are still able to win out, man is a failure. The species has failed.

Unfortunately, man is not one of those funny looking rhinoceros like creatures in the paleontology books whose passing will not make a great deal of difference to other beings.

Man has not just been crowd-

-continued on page 15

Tom Mellon - first to go under proper charter revision

(Fort is the author of a new book, "The Pleasure Seekers." He is a public health specialist, sociologist-criminologist, lecturer and social critic.)

We have shown that man can go to the moon for \$25 billion, but we have yet to show that he can safely and efficiently commute to work or live in freedom without violence, hunger, disease or bigotry.

Many naively believe a simple reallocation of federal funds will solve our urban problems. Lost among the real and pseudo-events of the mass media, however, is the central issue of our society: how to organize, manage and lead our public institutions so that they solve instead of compound problems and waste money.

One noble effort comes from the San Francisco Citizens Charter Revision Committee under the chairmanship of Atty. James Frankel.

The committee rightly concluded, after a year's study, that the maze of obsolete, disorganized and ambiguous charter provisions (adopted long ago in 1931) create serious functional defects in San Francisco government. The charter, it says, "robs the city of effective controls, fragments responsibility and authority and locks the citizen out of government."

As is common in bureaucracy, San Francisco government bristles with a confusing welter of boards, commissions, departments and agencies. At the

top is a three-headed dragon: a mayor who has mainly a ceremonial and celebrity role with little solid authority; a Board of Supervisors, and a powerful chief administrative officer who really runs the city.

CAO, Thomas Mellon, is largely invisible and unknown to outsiders, but he is our contemporary equivalent of the old-time political boss.

His power to peddle influence and preserve the status

FRANKEL Fort

quo derives from holding a permanent, lifetime, unchallengeable appointment under the charter, through his direct, heavy-handed control of the Health, Public Works and Election Departments and through co-equal jurisdiction over the entire city budget (with the mayor and supervisors.)

Mellon, formerly a conservative Republican businessman and police commissioner, is the major obstacle to responsible, decisive and responsive government in San Francisco. He can't even administer intelligently the city's hotel-motel tax fund.

The committee rightly recognized these problems and recom-

mended in its first report (obtainable at the committee office, room 703, 564 Market St.) that Mellon's position be changed to a deputy-mayor. The deputy would be appointed by each new mayor and would serve at his pleasure subject to confirmation by the supervisors.

Mysteriously, this vital, long overdue reform was soon dropped as an official recommendation. Unless strong pressure can be promptly generated by the public during the current series of charter hearings, Mellon and his successors will be free to perpetuate incompetence and mediocrity in his departments, serve special interests as Mellon did with Candlestick Park and BART and prevent the urgent and drastic changes needed to end the deterioration and destruction of this city.

Consider my comments. Review the charter's recommended changes. Step forward to testify during the hearings at 2 p.m. on Aug. 5 and 8 p.m. on Aug. 20. Lobby for the abolition of the autonomous, undemocratic, unconstitutional and retrogressive office of chief administrative officer. In fact, San Francisco doesn't even need a special charter of our own and could function under general state law as do most counties.

As de Tocqueville put, "I am tempted to believe that what we call necessary institutions are often no more than institutions to which we have grown accustomed."

THE END

INSIDE

The Chronicle's much-denied, loud-mouthed investigation of Mayor Alioto's business dealings and alleged Mafia connections is still kicking up dust.

The investigation, you will recall, was started by the Chronicle shortly after Alioto vetoed last December the Chronicle's attempt to get a \$500,000 gross receipts tax exemption for itself. Bill Thomas (a good investigative reporter with extensive Democratic political connections) started on the story with shovel and axe, but he was replaced by the Chronicle's ace crime reporter, Charles Raudebaugh, when Thomas went to work in Rep. Phil Burton's office in Washington. Raudebaugh was on special for months working on the story.

What did they turn up? Neither is talking much, but the point may be moot at the Chronicle: it turned out that Chronicle executives were more interested in using the Alioto intelligence as a political blackjack to get its tax exemption than in publishing any story.

Meanwhile, the waves splashed by the Thomas/Raudebaugh team put other investigative reporters into the surf.

The latest report: the Alioto story has been offered to Life Magazine. But Life, since its growing reputation for crime and muck-raking stories, has taken a firm policy it will look at no material produced outside its news organization.

Postscript: Alioto meanwhile frets about the Panthers. Said he in his Washington appearance on television violence: "The Panthers may describe themselves as a political party, but they are not. They are a gang of hoodlums and gunmen, a smalltime Murder, Inc."



Bastian

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San Mateo County supervisors and planning commissioners are angry with Dist. Atty. Keith Sorenson over his failure to give them strong legal backing to enforce the county logging regulations. Sorenson's contention: the county's tough ordinance may be pre-empted by the State Forestry Practices Act. This argument has little validity in light of Marin County's tough action against timber cutting.

The supervisors and the commission were angry with Sorenson after they learned logger William Donohue had "deliberately destroyed" 850 acres of Redwoods. Donohue had violated several conditions of his use permit, but Sorenson was reluctant to move against him and claimed any enforcement would not stand the test of a court case. "What's the use of trying to keep these guys in line, when we can't back it up?" one commissioner asked.

Judicial vs. Press Responsibility: When Judge Glickfield handed down his controversial sentencing on three rapists, the law and order fury of KGO was loosed against him--from a 'judicial responsibility' news commentary by Ray Tannehill to John Broom's 'get the judge' rantings on a talk show. Then, the police guard at Glickfield's house was attacked and the assailant later told police he got the idea from "a talk show."

The complaints, including a stiff one from Sup. Robert Mendelsohn, rolled into KGO. The word went out formally to cool it at the station. Broom was later fired.

What is the Stanford Research Institute, a non-profit research institution, doing as the city's lobbyist in Washington at \$25,000 a year?

SRI hasn't done much, except muck around with some federal fund applications. The Menlo Park firm is so invisible that the Mid-Peninsula Observer and the Stanford militants didn't even go after the odd SRI/San Francisco relationship during the SRI tumult this spring. SRI operates in almost total isolation from the city's two congressmen in Washington--Rep. Phil Burton (D) and Rep. William S. Maillaird (R).

To answer the question: reports are that the contract came through the old Shelley/Alioto deal in the 1967 election (when it was rumored Shelley would be given a comfy post at SRI and SRI would get some city contracts) or through John DeLuca, Mayor Alioto's top aide and a former key SRI executive.

A tale of two towers

By Henrik Bull

Henrik Bull, a San Francisco architect, was president in 1968 of the Northern California chapter of the American Institute of Architects and is a member of the Urban Design Citizen's Advisory Committee. He is associated with the architectural firm of Bull, Field, Volkmann & Stockwell.

In San Francisco, Mayor Alioto and the San Francisco establishment support the 853-foot Transamerica building. In Sausalito, the Marin County establishment opposes the 65-foot high "Madonna Tower" rising from a dredging barge in the harbor.

Why? At the risk of sounding confused, even inconsistent, I will explain my support of the lower tower and my opposition to the taller tower at its proposed location. It may help put these highrise issues in architectural and planning perspective.

On grounds of esthetics, I prefer the "Madonna Tower," which is being built by Chris Roberts and Edward Loveman. This is a personal opinion not meant to carry the weight of professional competence. I find fault on an esthetic and highly personal basis with most, but not all, of the tall buildings erected recently in San Francisco.

The Spire theory

Alioto has stated San Francisco needs this Transamerica spire and compares it to the spires and domes of European cities. The spire theory I will agree with only when it fits into the often stated San Francisco goal of high buildings on the hills and downtown, but not in the transitional "Portsmouth Corridor" area.

San Francisco's planning director, Alan Jacobs, has been vocal in opposing the Transamerica Building, but the building's design was supported by the City's planning commission under its discretionary review policy.

This was established under a June 29, 1967 Resolution: "Be it resolved, . . . that the Commission hereby establish a policy of reviewing under its discretionary powers all applications for new and

of any such buildings upon views to be created or blocked, relationships to adjoining properties, potential development of the area as a unified whole, relationships to Washington and Clay Streets, and effects upon the adjacent Jackson Square area."

The "Madonna Tower" is intertwined with the houseboat controversy. Marin County's outspoken planning director, Paul C. Zucker, almost lost his job this year because he supported Sausalito houseboats and commented favorably on the design of many of these expressive structures. Marin County's establishment has tried many legal devices to rid itself of what it considers unsightly floating structures.

Sewage in the bay

Much of this has revolved around the issue of public health and safety, with the clincher argument that raw sewage is being dumped into the bay. San Francisco, by contrast, dumps raw sewage into the bay during the rainy season because it has no storm sewer and because sewage capacity is insufficient to cope with two kinds of sewage--and San Francisco has no plans to correct this mess for at least 10 years.

Transamerica, or any San Francisco office building, will

increase the real number of people dumping sewage into the bay for the eight hour work day. Transamerica will house at least 2,500 people versus a few hundred houseboat residents.

The "Madonna Tower," opponents argued, would be a hazard to Sausalito residents because it was not engineered and possibly did not fit within the building codes. Floating building structures, not yachts, however, were recently placed under the restrictions of Marin County's uniform building code.

It is also unlikely that more than a half dozen people would live within a radius equal to the height of the "Madonna Tower;" none, actually, if Marin County has its way.

Building failures in a recent Japanese earthquake show that many existing codes and practices, once considered conservative, were not so at all. The truth is we do not know enough about the behavior of tall buildings under earthquakes.

"Buildings over 20 stories, I believe, are only conditionally safe even with the best engineering. . . Buildings for occupancy above 30 stories should not be constructed in California" says Charles F. Richter, Cal-Tech Seismologist, originator of the Richter scale for measuring earthquake magnitude.

I do not mean to imply the steel-framed Transamerica Building will be unsafe, but rather that the issue of safety is raised dishonestly in Sausalito. Are those who fight the Sausalito houseboat community, or those who favor Transamerica, active in the Save the Bay movement or the environmental pollution battles? If they are, I do not recognize any of their names among conservationists.

Politically, the tradition in San Francisco is to "get it on the tax rolls" and damn the other considerations of public welfare. As a San Francisco taxpayer, I have

— continued to page 14

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MORRIE TURNER, SF Bay Guardian artist and author of the comic strip "Wee Pals," has produced with his wife, Letha, the "Black And White Coloring Book," a series of portraits of noted black Americans of the past, each portrait accompanied by a comic strip commentary by one wee pal or other. It is handsomely designed, and printed by San Francisco's Troubador Press. The price is \$2.

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Our disabled people say...

The Nation today is fighting a civil rights struggle, of endeavoring to enhance the opportunities and privileges of minority groups. The physically handicapped have been shut away in a room, in a chair, or behind a tin cup for too long in this Land of Freedom....We hereby serve notice that the physically handicapped are part of the civil rights movement and we demand our equality!

Press Statement: the Ad Hoc Committee for Freedom of Mobility for the Disabled later to become the Committee for the Rights of the Disabled

By Lynn Strongin

Two months ago, I got into my car to take off a few days by the sea. I was weary from teaching in the ghetto where I had learned, physically, the brutal daily struggle of my students and, as a person confined to a wheelchair, I was beaten down by my own physical struggles that seemed so much like those of my students.

I could now get a second wind and focus my thoughts on the article I was planning to write on The Committee for the Rights of the Disabled, a self-help, grassroots group begun a few years ago by disabled people working for Welfare Rights Organization in Oakland.

As a college teacher, poet and disabled person, I must cope daily with the problems I write about. People don't know about these problems, and until they do, tens of thousands of us will be unable to understand the physical reality of one another's lives.

Frustrations

I learned on my short vacation, again, the familiar frustrations of mobility. I checked into the large old hotel in Monterey and asked for a room overlooking the bay. The room was too small and cluttered with furniture to move about in comfortably. In fact, I couldn't turn at all.

To get to the bed, I had to go straight down a narrow corridor from the door; to reach the dresser, I had to strain sideways; to get to the bathroom, I had to negotiate a close corner at a right angle, and ended up with bleeding knuckles scraped on the woodwork.

I phoned the desk and explained the unmanageability of the room. All larger rooms, I was told, were high-priced, more than I could afford. Discouraged, I turned in early, with the plan to change rooms the following morning.

The second day was bright, windy, cold. In the afternoon, I drove to Old Fisherman's Wharf. It's a steep push up from the regular parking lot to the Wharf so, as a rule, I park close to the Wharf in a 20-minute parking zone.

Indifference

At the entrance, I was stopped by a cop who knocked my front fender and cried out: "Where you going, little lady!"

I felt my anger mount in the few moments it took him to move from the fender he was banging to my window. The usual opening words: "I've got a wheelchair, and have to park close." "What do you want?" "I'd like to get a cup of coffee." "Where?" "...Oh, in one of the places along the Wharf."

He looked suspicious. I continued:

"I'd just like to get out and have a cup of coffee. Won't be long. It's not that important. I don't have to."

The cop weighed my request to get out for a cup of coffee. Perhaps I looked thirsty. At any rate, I did not back up. I fixed a steady gaze upon him. He relented. "Be sure you're not more than 20 minutes."

"Yes." Out and into the fresh sea-air. I hadn't gotten out of the car since early morning. Thirsty. I ordered a tall glass of milk which I drank overlooking the bay.

I closed my eyes. Sleep, I thought. The sleep Hannah Arendt refers to as our indifference to one another. Evil is common, and most people who commit evil are asleep. We see what we want to see. We

Then, we will move in endless cycles of building and then destruction: creation, then revolution, then re-creation.

There can be no such concept as "minority" in the sense of minor in importance in a nation which hopes to endure.

The committee

At the time in 1966 when Charles Collier formed the Committee for the Rights of the Disabled, he was working with a small volunteer action group called Oakland Welfare Rights Organization. Several disabled people in the group had been assigned jobs which put great strain on them physically: such as working in a standing position eight hours a day.

Collier's group started as a subcommittee for welfare rights made up of about five people who all were receiving Aid to the Totally Disabled. The subcommittee, unable to arouse the

The modern man-made environment is designed for the young and healthy. Yet almost everyone, sooner or later, is handicapped by a chronic or temporary disability or by the infirmities of old age. More than 20 million Americans are built out of normal living by unnecessary barriers: a stairway, a too-narrow door, a too-high telephone...

Because of the obstacles we have put in their way, the handicapped today are a hidden population. Most of the handicapped are out of sight.

Design for ALL Americans
(A Report of the National Commission on Architectural Barriers to Rehabilitation of the Handicapped, December 1967)

turn away from the rest.

Lincoln said a nation cannot endure half slave and half free. One chief conviction that led Charles Collier, himself disabled, to form the Committee for the Rights of the Disabled was the belief that mobility is a right--not a privilege. To deny mobility severely limits the freedom of the disabled.

Most people are unaware that discrimination exists against the disabled, perhaps because it is largely unintentional: but it is none the less discrimination. It exists consciously, in hesitation to offer jobs to the disabled, and to pay them less, and unintentionally in many architectural barriers--above all in housing, recreation and transportation.

To discriminate, in itself, is neither a positive nor a negative act: it is merely to perceive the distinguishing features. But to discriminate against is to act against a person simply because of his distinguishing features (whether color, sex or health).

Society is built to serve the majority: but once we become a majority-oriented society to the exclusion and enslavement of any one human being, we begin to move from a person-oriented society toward a structure which will eventually cease to serve so vast a number of people that society violates itself.

interest of Welfare Rights Organization, formed its own group independent of WRO and eventually became The Committee for the Rights of the Disabled.

It followed rehabilitation work on a case by case basis, fighting for individuals suffering neglect or ill treatment during rehabilitation.

Example: A 16-year-old epileptic who was brought by his mother to the Department of Rehabilitation: the intake worker looked at the boy and said, "You don't look like you have epilepsy." The boy was rejected.

CRD intervened and got the boy reinstated in the Richmond Program after a series of conferences with top administrators of Vocational Rehabilitation in Oakland. (Eventually, CRD got the intake worker transferred.)

It's good business

The group soon grew to about 50 members. It met at East Oakland Parish and started publishing its Newsletter.

Not long after, a vivacious woman named Molly Piontkowsky started a successful chapter in Los Angeles. Molly Piontkowsky, still the group's president, is a Russian Jewish woman who developed a bad back hiding in a loft during the Russian Revolution. Formerly a garment worker in Chicago, she is now on Aid to the Totally Disabled.

From early CRD newsletters, I learned the group moved

against Taxi Unlimited, a company hiring handicapped radio dispatchers at 50 cents an hour under a State Law enacted in 1937 which allows handicapped women and children to be hired at subminimum wages.

The general public is familiar with the slogan "Hire the Handicapped: It's Good Business." Few know one reason it's good business: disabled people may be paid lower wages than able-bodied people under a "Certificate of Exemption" issued by the Labor Department.

The right of American workers to bargain collectively has been recognized by federal law since 1935 when Congress passed the National Labor Relations Act. But handicapped workers in sheltered workshops (for the disabled) have been consistently denied this right to organize and bargain collectively.

Fatal attitude

Workers in San Diego were denied their rights as American citizens and workers: the National Labor Relations Board told them a sheltered shop is considered a "rehabilitation center," not a place of employment. Workers in the St. Louis Light-house for the Blind were similarly turned down because they were, according to NLRB, "wards of the management, and required custodial care."

I checked with a local president of the union of California Industries for the Blind (of the AFL-CIO) and learned that his group had repeatedly and unsuccessfully tried to get a bill passed to correct unjust practices in the sheltered workshops.

If some workers can organize and others cannot, we are half slave and half free. It becomes a privilege to organize for collective bargaining.

This "wards of the management" attitude is fatal: it discourages and gradually wears us down: one's manhood, one's humanhood is threatened. Until a disabled person is allowed to function freely in a barrier-free environment, he will continue to be invisible, cramped spiritually and alone.

For all americans

Tak Takeda, Director of Programs at the Easter Seal Society of Alameda County, gave me a sense of how little is being done to create a barrier-free environment for the disabled. He gave me a copy of an excellent report, "Design for ALL Americans," written up in December, 1967, by the National Commission on Architectural Barriers to Rehabilitation of the Handicapped.

The report, discussing "the sensitivity gap," reveals that 64 per cent of the American people had thought so little about how the disabled get about that they didn't even realize the problem. They were unaware that:

The greatest single obstacle to employment for the handicapped is the physical design of the buildings and facilities they must use.

One out of 10 persons has some disability which prevents him from using buildings and facilities designed only for the physically fit.

In every community, virtually all of the buildings and facilities most commonly used by the public have features that bar the handicapped.

Buildings accessible to the disabled, a presidential committee on employment of the handicapped has found, can be designed with neither excessively demanding nor expensive standards.

Takeda pointed out there was a distinct economic advantage to designing a structure for a wide range of people. Since the modern man-made environment is designed for the young and the healthy, separate environments (such as sheltered workshops, special homes for the aged, separate facilities) must be created for the more than 20 million Americans designed out of normal living by unnecessary barriers.

Transportation

About 12 per cent of a metropolitan community is permanently disabled, U.S. Public Health statistics show. Temporarily disabled persons increase this population to about 15 per cent at any given time.

With but minimal adaptations, one environment could be made functional for all. Whatever is functional and esthetic for the aged and the disabled would automatically be functional for everybody else. And there is little reason why an environment thus created cannot be beautiful. Says Takeda, "This thing is like motherhood: no one's against it, but no one ever thinks about it."

A still more crucial dilemma bars mobility to the disabled: Transportation.

Charles Collier waged and won a stunning, precedent-setting campaign to make Bay Area Rapid Transit accessible to the disabled.

Early in BART's planning stages, Collier went to Berkeley Major Wallace Johnson for help to make BART accessible. Several CRD persons couldn't get up the stairs of the Berkeley City Hall. They ended up in the basement of the Police Station, the most available place.

Elevators were the key need. It had been published that elevator shafts would be installed, but not elevators. CRD went to all the action oriented groups, including Senior Citizens, for support. Johnson acknowledged the reasonableness of elevators and was helpful.

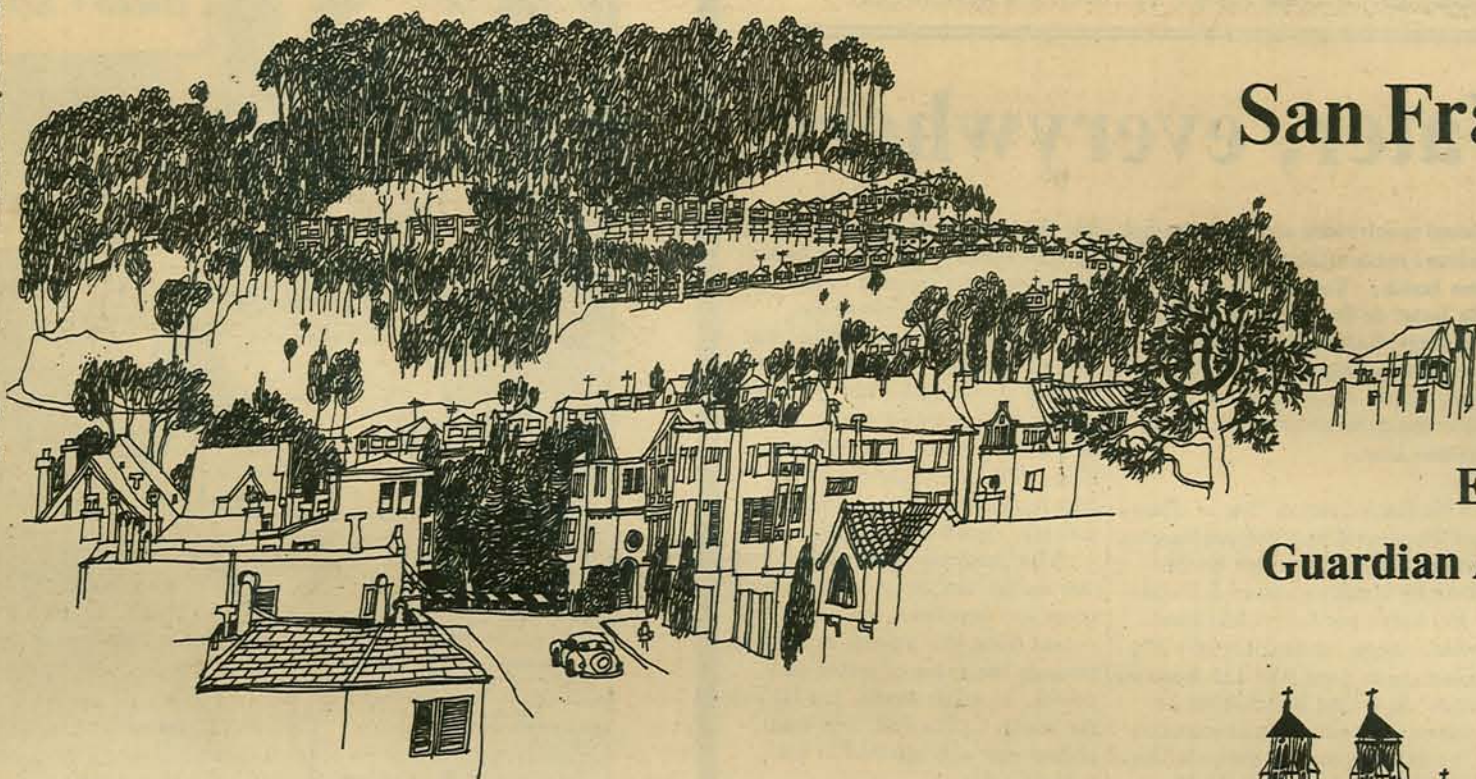
Scare passengers?

The group called Stokes and other BART officials, but were told that BART didn't want handicapped people in the trains because their presence would scare passengers.

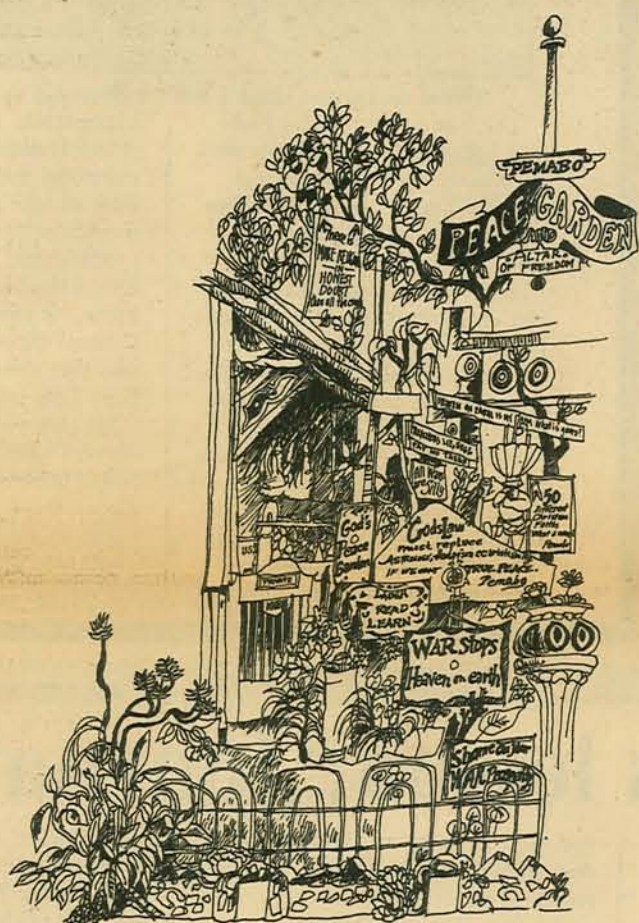
—continued on page 15

Sutro Forest has been sculptured by developers. This view looks east from Moraga Street. Once it was a thick Eucalyptus forest, wild, primitive, almost impenetrable.

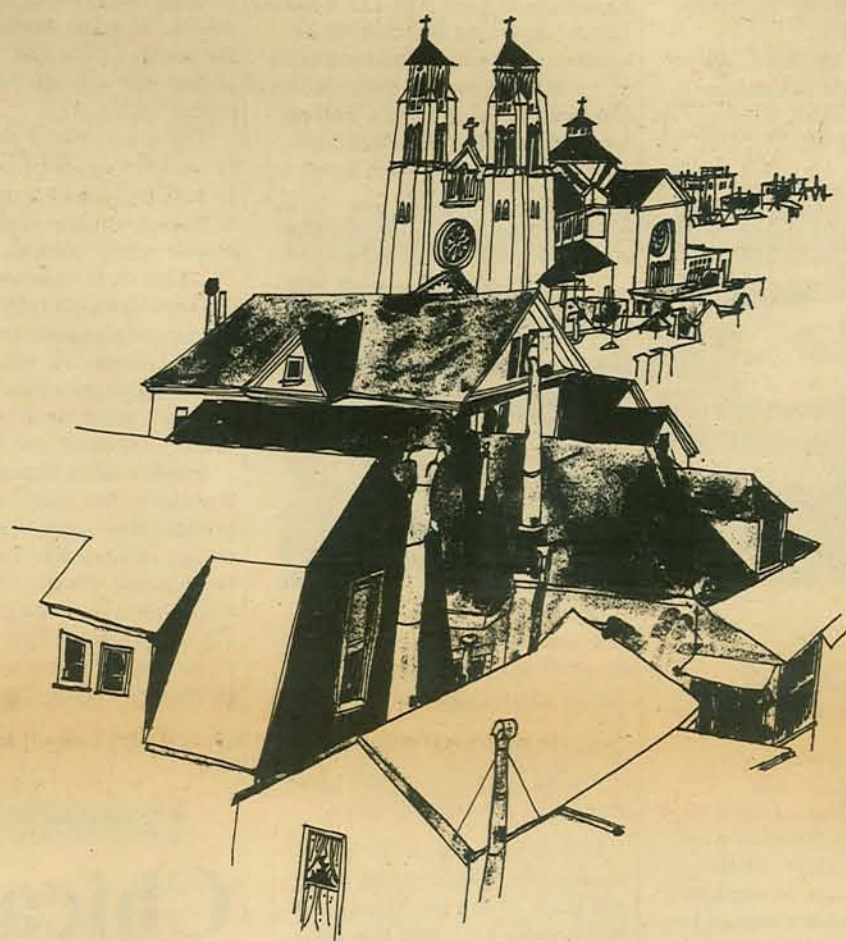
The San Francisco only San Franciscans see



Sketches by
Earl Thollander,
Guardian Artist-Reporter



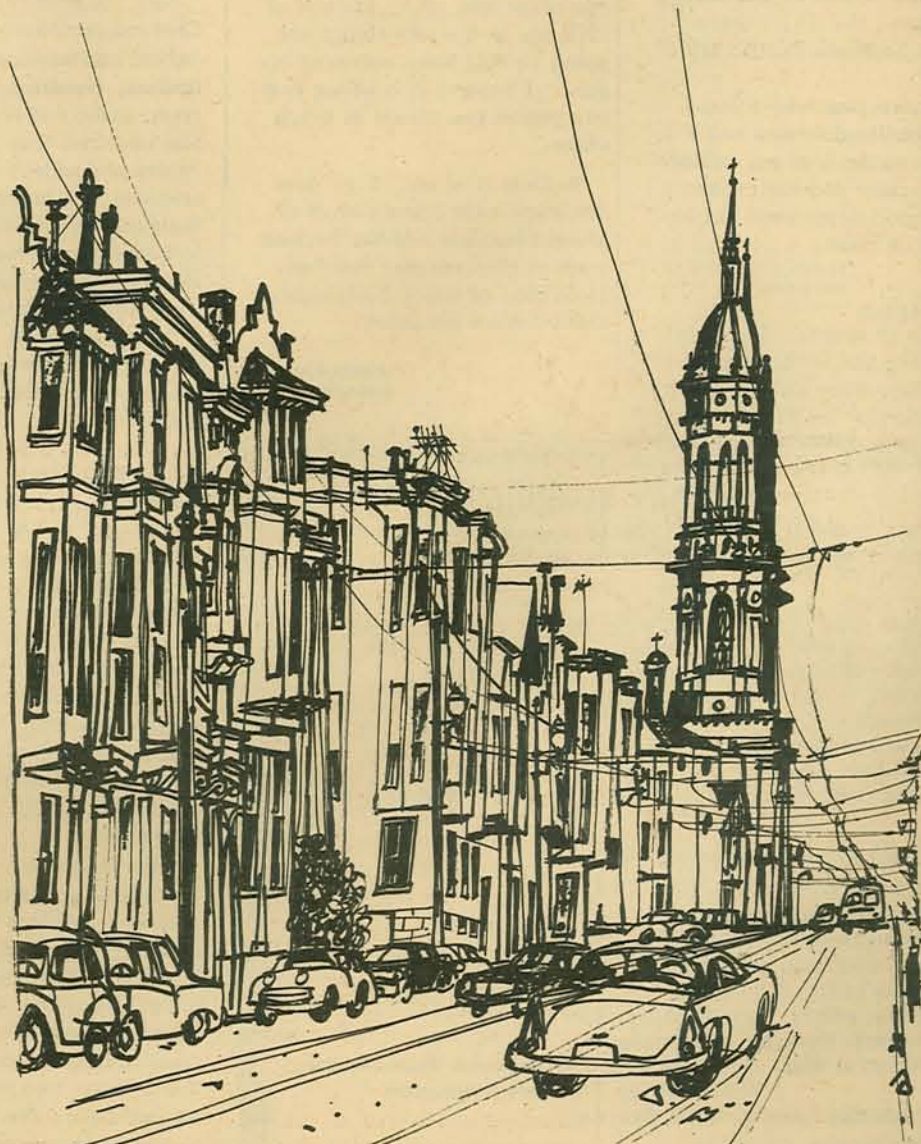
The Peace Garden at 1035 Clayton Street



St. Anne's Church viewed over the roof-tops of the Sunset.



Grandview Park, Mount Moriah, Moraga Street Hill are different names for this same acre of land that is one of the highest points in San Francisco. From the top of the stairs, you can see down the Pacific Coast and over the Bay.



A view of St. Ignatius and the University of San Francisco.

Water, Water, everywhere!

Two years ago in a remarkable Guardian series, Prof. Paul S. Taylor documented in excruciating detail precisely how the State Water Plan was squandering billions of dollars and Northern California's precious supply of water. (See Guardians of May 19, June 29 and Aug. 10, 1967.)

To this day, Taylor said then and he says now, nobody has carried the news to California that in 1958 and in 1959 three California senators and its governor promised Congress that the people of California would pay \$11 billion or more to build the state water project!

Eleven billion dollars? Why would California's congressional delegation so cheerfully pledge its electorate to this ghastly debt when the project could be com-

pleted much more cheaply through federal reclamation and interest free bonds. The answer goes to the heart of the water scandal: the large California landowners, the powerful bloc behind reclamation, could not get exemption from the federal 160-acre Reclamation Law.

This Reclamation Law of Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot prevents land and water speculation by limiting water deliveries to 160 acres per individual landowner. Huge landowners like SP, Kern County Land, the Los Angeles Times' El Cajon Ranch (plus 34 landowners owning three-quarters of a million acres in the southern and western San Joaquin Valley, lying largely in the path of the state water project) wish to escape

this limitation and get the \$1,000 an acre subsidy that comes with public water. Congress quite rightly wouldn't let them escape.

So: the landowners hustled the project back to California (where federal reclamation law doesn't apply) and socked it to the voters in a \$1.75 billion bond issue in 1960. This patently deceitful cost figure was matched with a patently deceitful lullaby:

"The program will not be a burden on the taxpayer; no new state taxes are involved; the bonds are repaid from the project revenues, through the sales of water and power. In other words, it will pay for itself." (The last five word phrase was underscored in the voters' guide.)

The plan's fiscal defects quickly became apparent--just as then Rep. Clair Engle warned in 1952 that they would. The question of a state water project, he said, is "whether it is necessary or wise to cut ourselves completely off from desperately needed interest-free federal funds. He set the price of the state project: "the sacrifice of" other state programs "such as schools and roads."

Brown's administration, then Reagan's, has sacrificed one critical state program after another to keep this gargantuan boondoggle afloat. Tidelands oil revenues, much of them earmarked for building construction for higher education, have been diverted to the water project. The budgets of the state college system and the U.

—continued on page 11



To the editor:

I have been reading your excellent paper for over a year now. Naturally, since I am a registered Republican I do not agree with some of your editorial positions.

Be that as it may, I have read some of the finest in depth reporting in the State in the Guardian. Because of some rather unique circumstances I am in a position to know how extremely accurate your articles have been. I refer in particular to the Candlestick Park Story, the BART series and the Southern Pacific article.

I admire your whole non-sensationalized format and I send it regularly to my college age daughter and son to show that a good paper need not be radical or harsh.

SAMUEL E. JORDAN, ATTY.
Sacramento

To the editor:

I wish to commend you for publishing the article "How S.P. Knocks the Daylights Out of California" by Paul Slater.

The article states nothing but the truth and I can vouch for this as I have opposed this arrogant and belligerent railroad management since 1934, when it started the retrenchment program on its subsidiary lines.

Needless to say, S.P. management planned for the extermination of the passenger train many years back and this attitude has finally paid off in their passenger discouragement program. D.J. Russell wants all passenger runs off by the end of 1970 and at the rate things are going he will have achieved his goal. I believe it is wrong that one person can create so much chaos.

Believe it or not, S.P. does not even want certain kinds of freight business and has devised ways of discouraging that business too, of which I have noted this in many instances.

EDWARD H. NERVO
San Francisco

THE BAY GUARDIAN

"It is a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell." (Wilbur F. Storey: Statement of the aims of the Chicago Times, 1861.)

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'Little Groups of Neighbors'



"What makes you think I don't understand you, 555-05-7449?"

The basic research for Federal Judge Alfonso Zirpoli's revolutionary draft decision was published in a special Guardian draft board investigation on Dec. 19, 1967.

Judge Zirpoli ruled that, to do any legal drafting, at least three members of a draft board have to reside in the district they represent. The case turned on the fact that, in the case of San Francisco Board 40 in the Sunset, only one of the three board members had resided in the Sunset and he resigned on March 12, 1968.

The Guardian published for the first time the names, business

occupations and home addresses of San Francisco's 42 draft board members and, in a district map, showed how only a handful of members lived in their districts.

Members, we found, didn't live in Hunter's Point, or the Fillmore, in the Inner Mission or the Central City or on Potrero Hill--and two lived outside the city in Daly City and San Rafael.

The point: not one San Francisco district had three legal draft board members living in it. Judge Zirpoli's decision would seem to apply to all of the drafted and about-to-be-drafted in San Francisco.

Chicago's lesson: 'Journalism by

By Nathan B. Blumberg

Mrs. Humphrey said the Chicago protesters had received entirely too much attention, presumably from the press, radio and television. She said that they were "noisy and rude." And she said she, her husband and their children certainly wanted to hear young America's views, but that they already were aware of them.

"Our youngsters are all over talking with young executives and young Jaycees," she explained.

--Charlotte Curtis in the New York Times, Aug. 31, 1968.

The primary journalistic--and ultimately, perhaps, historical--lesson of Chicago is that the news media of general circulation have been guilty of a massive failure, especially during the past decade, to describe and interpret what has been happening in the United States and in the world.

The "orthodox" press, essentially satisfied with the prevailing conditions of life, has resisted or ignored the inequities of our society and has attempted to perpetuate governmental, economic and social abuses. It is not enough to open the columns and the electronic channels for a few hours or days to report what is really happening as they were opened during the battle of Chicago; the reports Americans saw and heard

and read in much of the orthodox media should be their steady diet.

Significantly, the "underground" newspapers had little to add to what happened in what it termed "Czechago" except for accounts of speeches delivered in Lincoln and Grant parks. In effect, by doing its job, the orthodox media briefly made the underground press irrelevant.

No valid purpose is served by attempting to analyze the political situation in the United States as most editorial writers, columnists and commentators employed by the orthodox press persist in viewing it.

It is an acute form of journalistic self-deception (which, especially in recent years, has been the gravest single sin of commission of our press) to write and speak of Democrats and Republicans, Wallaceites and McCarthyites, or the maneuverings and machinations of politicians and bureaucrats as if these are the significant and ultimately crucial divisions in our society.

It emphatically is not simplistic to suggest that the central political fact of our times is that there are only two sides: Those who do not want to see any fundamental change in the status quo are pitted violently against those who find the status quo intolerable.

Of course there are degrees and nuances on both sides, but it is useless to deny that when large numbers of our citizens are frustrated and angry with

the established system, those who are not on their side are against them. Thus: "You are either part of the problem or part of the solution."

And it is time, too, for recognition of the stark, naked but almost never spoken truth that hundreds--perhaps thousands--of reporters and copy editors and even editors who draw their pay from the owners of the orthodox press are disgusted with the policies of their employers, but the economic necessities of their situation force them to vent their frustrations in the bars, in letters to friends, in their homes or wherever they gather with fellow professionals.

What, finally, can they do? Where, finally, can they go? With the orthodox press dominated by the Hearsts, the Scripps-Howards, the Pulliams, the Ridders, the Copleys, the McCormick heirs, they stick grimly and unhappily with their jobs. And even if they could go to the New York Times, the Washington Post, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, the Cowles or the Knight or the Field papers --to name a few of the newspapers that display at least some significant measure of decency, fairness and respectability--they have discovered they still are up against editors and publishers who order stories killed, or buried, or covered up when the pressures of the business community or the country club are applied.

The men and women of the working press know better than

Superchron admits use of private dicks

10 San Francisco Chronicle
Wed., July 23, 1969 ☆

Statement To FCC on Investigation

A law firm retained by the Chronicle Broadcasting Co. of San Francisco has acknowledged to the Federal Communications Commission that it hired a firm of private detectives to investigate two former employees who asked the FCC not to renew the licenses held by the company for KRON-TV and KRON-FM.

However, the company said it was entitled to take all customary and legal steps necessary to defend its FCC license renewal at a hearing to be held in December.

The company set out its position in a recent statement to the commission in which it opposed a motion by Albert Kihn, a TV cameraman, and Blanche Streeter, who has filed an antitrust suit for damages against the San Francisco Chronicle and the San Francisco Examiner involving the loss of her job with The Chronicle after the papers entered into a joint operating agreement.

The motion before the FCC asked it to add the issue of the investigation to those that caused the renewal matter to be set down for hearing.

restoring and encouraging newspaper competition than by legalizing and perpetuating the monopolistic combination that now exists."

Reps. Phil Burton (D-San Francisco) and Paul N. McCloskey (R-San Mateo County) also support the bill.

THE END

By Bruce B. Brugmann

When General Motors was caught red-handed trying to harass and intimidate Ralph Nader with private dicks, the president of GM rose before a senate committee and publicly apologized, twice, to the young auto critic. His apology got nationwide publicity.

Three years later, when The Guardian caught Superchron similarly using private dicks in the Ralph Nader case of communications, the Chronicle publisher, Charles deYoung Thieriot, admitted retaining the private dicks and said it was "entirely reasonable and proper to do so." His admission got four inches in his paper.

This, ladies and gentlemen, is in microcosm the state of monopoly journalism in the summer of 1969.

Get Mr. Thieriot's precise words in his answer (unreported in his Chronicle at the time) to the "private dick" charges June 19 before the Senate subcommittee on anti-trust and monopoly:

"In a case like the present one, where Mr. Kihn (Al Kihn, former KRON photographer now challenging KRON's license before the FCC) and Mrs. Streeter (Mrs. Blanche Streeter, whose license challenge stems from an anti-trust suit against the Chronicle) have been actively engaged in a course of conduct plainly antagonistic to KRON-TV, an investigation would appear to be entirely reasonable and proper.

Is this man serious? Does he mean everybody "plainly antagonistic"

to KRON/Chronicle (certainly, a Candlestick Parkful) will be subject to harassment by private dicks ala Kihn and Mrs. Streeter?

Does he consider "entirely reasonable and proper" the trailing of Kihn (by two cars, with burly detectives at the walkie-talkies, at 6:30 a.m. over the lonely road over Mount Tamalpais and down to Stinson Beach) or the intimidating line of questioning of friends and relatives of Kihn and Mrs. Streeter (as to sex, personal life, political affiliations and such things as whether they "smoked pot?").

It's chilling to see Thieriot's attorneys argue further in an FCC brief that "the background, past activities and connections of Kihn and Streeter are information KRON requires in order to properly defend itself..." Perhaps, but does this require the Gangbusters/Katzenjammer play by play detailed in "The dicks from Superchron" in the May 22 Guardian?

There's precious little the high-powered battery of KRON attorneys, from San Francisco and Washington, couldn't get through deposition and hearing processes on the issues Kihn and Mrs. Streeter have raised--news management, media concentration, the use of private dicks to harass witnesses, the use of KRON to serve Chronicle newspaper interests. What do you suppose the dicks were looking for?

Setting aside the rough stuff, Mr. Thieriot would have a point if this were a normal civil suit

against a corporation--say, a libel suit against the Chronicle newspaper. It is not.

KRON does not have a television license as a corporate property right in perpetuity. It has a three year rental of part of the public ether, the air waves, subject to public regulation and challenge.

More: it is not just a single television station, it is owned by the Chronicle and thus part of a powerful joint agency monopoly under attack on anti-trust grounds by the U.S. government and the U. S. Supreme Court.

Kihn and Mrs. Streeter are challenging, as representatives of the public, the KRON license as provided under FCC law and, in a plucky fight taken at personal and occupational risk, have raised nationally important issues.

They are government witnesses, just as Nader was a government witness, and they have legal protection from harassment and intimidation. 18 USCA, section 1505 declares the following criminal conduct:

"Whoever corruptly, or by threats of force, or by any threatening letter or communication, endeavors to influence, intimidate or impede any witness of any proceeding pending before any department or agency of the United States..." Violations can bring a \$5,000 fine or five years in jail.

Chief Justice Warren Burger's last decision as an appeals court judge, lifting the license on WLBT-TV in Jackson, Missouri, on grounds of racial discrimina-

tion, has further broadened the right of the public to "standing" in license renewal proceedings.

Before, the FCC had ruled that the only parties which could achieve standing were those seeking to take over the license themselves (not the case with Kihn or Mrs. Streeter) or those whose existing licenses were interfered with. Stated Burger:

"We did not intend that intervenors representing a public interest be treated as interlopers."

• • •

Five professors of law and journalism at the University of California, Berkeley, have urged Sen. Alan Cranston (D-Calif.) to change his mind and oppose the "Newspaper Preservation Bill" which would legalize newspaper combinations now existing in San Francisco and 21 other cities.

The letter was written by Stephen R. Barnett, Richard M. Buxbaum, Frank C. Newman and Robert H. Cole, professors at Boalt Hall School of Law, and Edward R. Bayley, dean of the Graduate School of Journalism.

A press release on the letter was distributed to all Bay Area media. However, Barnett said that, to his knowledge, only KFRC in San Francisco had used it. KFRC also interviewed Cranston, a sponsor of the bill, by telephone.

Referring to the Chronicle/Examiner combination, the five professors said the San Francisco public "would be better served by

Journalism by paroxysm has been a way of muddling through

anyone the truth of A.J. Liebling's essentially accurate aphorism that without a school for publishers no school of journalism can have meaning.

All of us need desperately to look with fresh eyes at some of the ways in which the news media have helped to stifle reforms and perpetuate injustices. Until illegal and brutal conduct by some members of police forces is reported regularly in our press, the residents of our ghettos and those who seek legitimate redress of grievances will continue to suffer at the hands of their tormentors.

What Americans saw and read during those four days in Chicago is a 24-hour reality every day, perhaps in lesser quantity but in undiminished quality, in hundreds of localities. The police reporters know it, the city editors know it, the editors and the publishers know it.

It is known to many of those who control the content of magazines, radio and television. Many persons have died or suffered terribly from mistreatment, but only the underground press reports it regularly.

It has been the unwritten code of the orthodox press that stories of police beating up people or otherwise violating the law don't get into the paper--unless, of course, the scandal becomes so obvious, as the not-so-funny joke has it, that people are afraid to call the police.

Similarly documented is the fact that the news media have

These are excerpts from a major critique by Nathan B. Blumberg, former dean of the Montana State University School of Journalism, on media coverage of the Chicago convention. The full text is available to new Guardian subscribers (see subscription ad, P 3)

been guilty of a generally uncritical acceptance and often advocacy of the established policy in foreign affairs (i.e., the policy of the President and his State Department) through successive administrations during the past 20 years.

That is the primary reason why it took so many months and years for millions of Americans and, at long last, for many American publications to be upset about the war in Vietnam. That calamitous conflict stands as confirmation of the fact that a major portion of the orthodox press was hesitant to question or provoke the governmental-industrial-military complex of which President Eisenhower gave the first warning signals.

Part of the revolution that is taking place concerns not only the necessity for a fresh look at the American commitment in Vietnam but the need for a comprehensive revision of the entire American foreign policy. It is not enough that we escape from the current quagmire; there simply must be no more Vietnams.

Furthermore, if the white majority does not sleep well

these nights, in too many cases the reason is that the news media have warned of agitators and militants, rioters and looters, but have not pointed out sufficiently the genuine grievances of our black brothers.

There has been, and there remains, a curious curtain of silence dropped by the white press to keep white people from knowing about events and conditions concerning black people. The record of reporting black attitudes and activities during the fifties and sixties is so dismal that it is openly admitted by many executives in high places of the media.

Beyond and beneath comment is the pious pronouncement of the American Newspaper Publishers Association Foundation that grants-in-aid totaling a miserable \$14,340 had been awarded to 26 Negro college journalism majors.

The fund was established by a \$100,000 contribution announced by the publisher of the Chicago Tribune last April and the grants were announced in August by Eugene S. Pulliam, thus keeping the record clear: Penance, such as it is, by the publishers of papers which rank among the most racist in the United States.

Even if publishers do not seek to slide over the sordid details of our society, the incontrovertible fact (ask almost any reporter or any former reporter in public relations) is that newspapers in this country, with rare exceptions, simply have been

unwilling to commit a reasonable portion of their profits to the production of effective, probing, well-researched investigative reporting.

Thus, for example, the comfortable and unaffected probably would be astonished to learn of the blazing hatred with which our judicial system is regarded by the poor and aspiring as a powerful weapon of the establishment to maintain order by using law as a bludgeon. The corruption and brutality of our courts, especially the lower courts, is not a subject of discussion in the ghettos of our land; it is accepted by the imprisoned inhabitants as a part of their hopelessness.

Still another revealing and damning indictment of the orthodox press is the steadily deteriorating quality of the American environment under a man-made miasma.

The results of the rape of the land are visible from one end of the country to the other. But that was child's play compared with what is happening in this century as industries dare to destroy not only our land but the basic necessities of life: Our air and our water.

One can dwell on air pollution by urban and industrial wastes, on the barbaric desecration of land called strip mining, the noise levels of our cities to which can be added the barely explored dangers of sonic booms, the radiation hazards from nuclear fallout, lead

poisoning, the several ways we can get cancer of the lung, the shockingly unrestricted use of insecticides, herbicides and fungicides, military experiments with gas and chemical warfare (of which the Utah story stands as a monumental example of the complaisance of the news media), not to mention the possible synergistic effects of various man-made poisons, chemicals and pollutants.

Bluntly, the coverage of the California grape strike is a continuing national journalistic disgrace, and the superficial handling of campus dissent and demonstrations has alienated large numbers of university and college students who understand what is happening.

Most segments of the orthodox media not only lag behind the Supreme Court in their definitions of "obscenity" but are wildly out of touch with millions of young people who see the genuine obscenities of the world about them and are not upset by some words regarded as taboo by their elders.

Journalism by paroxysm has been a way of muddling through, but we are paying a terribly high price for covering up and explaining away our problems. There may still be time for the United States if the press fulfills the mission assigned it two centuries ago as the estate that stands above and often against the three other estates.

THE END

'After a long absence'

By Richard Stookey

I walked quickly out of the Emporium -- having decided that I could make a better sandbox myself than the one they wanted \$12 for -- and started across Market Street in the crosswalk.

The girl in front of me had long slender legs on show, and as she passed the BARTmen eating lunch in the middle of the street I watched their faces brighten. Then she went into Woolworth's; I was left on the sidewalk with the crowd of lunchtime shoppers and two surly-looking Black Panthers hawking their newspaper in the doorway of Woolworth's.

I glanced quickly at the Panthers, nodding no in the process, and then was swept away by the crowd flowing up Powell Street. Half a block had slipped past me before I moved to the outer edge of the sidewalk and stopped. Turning, I made my way back to the front of Woolworth's.

One hawker was Maurice. He had lived two doors from us on that steep little street in the Mission District. When the dumptruck man put our yard of gravel on the sidewalk and Martha had started to shovel it into the garage to get it out of the way, Maurice -- passing by on his way home from work -- took the shovel from her and had the job done in 15 minutes.

I conveniently arrived home when the work was finished, but we had a beer and some quiet friendly words before he

went down to his little apartment. There were other beers after that, when I would be working out front on a Saturday and he would pass by.

Always he was the same: dark alert eyes watching as I chattered through the bright alleys of small talk, an occasional quiet word or comment, and always the soft chuckling laugh that reached out like a hand across the gulf which lay between us and which neither really wanted to ignore.

Once, I asked him inside and we drank wine on the back balcony for half an hour. He seemed a little uneasy, as if he were not quite sure that he was doing the right thing. Once after that, we invited him to dinner, but he gave polite regrets. Then we moved away -- to a better district.

I stood on the sidewalk for a few moments and watched him at work. It was not surprising that I had failed to recognize him immediately.

The uniform -- astrakhan and leather jacket -- lent him an air of strange dark resplendence, and there were the beginnings of a beard, sparse curly tufts.

But most of all, it was the voice that was strange to me: it was loud, roughly strident and assertive as he called out to passing shoppers -- many of whom seemed to speed up a little as they hurried by.

I caught his eye and went over to him. "I know you" I said. He smiled, perhaps a little sheepishly, and nodded yes. I had forgotten his name.

"What is your name?" I said. He spoke it, put down the newspapers, and grasped my offered hand.

"Maurice. Right. Do you still live over on the hill?" I strained to hear his answer over the sound of the crowd and the subway work, for he spoke now in the soft voice that I had known before: "I still have that place, but I don't get over there too much."

There was a trace of whisky on his breath. "Well" I said, relieving the effort of smiling by putting my hand on his leather shoulder, "it looks like you are keeping busy."

I glanced over and saw that the other Panther, his partner, was watching us carefully; it occurred to me that Maurice would feel the need to make an explanation later. I turned to go.

"It was nice to see you again Maurice," I said and shook his hand again. Our eyes met for an instant in the way that they had met so long ago, then he broke away and quickly said, "Do you have our newspaper?"

"I got it at the rally yesterday" I said, lying. "O.K." he said, smiling.

Then his face was gone as the crowd surged and swept me again around the corner and up Powell Street.

I was vaguely troubled as I walked slowly back toward my office. At least, I thought, I could have said my name to him.

THE END

Richardson's Hamlet - brisk but dull

By Douglas Giebel

If the theater is sluggish in these parts, much fault must be placed upon dull, unimaginative directors. The most recent and splashy case in point is Tony Richardson's production of "Hamlet," starring Nicol Williamson.

The acting was a cut above average, the total effect was more satisfying than Act's execrable version, but Richardson's "Hamlet" became a tedious play whose lines were known by nearly every member of the audience.

'Get thee...'

The really good moments ("Get thee to a nunnery," for example) seemed unprepared for and out of place. All else was tedium. Even Osric's usually amusing character was worth no more than a tiny chuckle. I think the director failed to establish a semblance of real life.

To be interested in "Hamlet," we must feel we are seeing it for the first time, that what is happening on stage is new, that the characters are real people, really living.

By pacing the play too briskly Richardson did away with the necessary transitions between thoughts, beats, actions. Scene following scene with no breathing space.

George Bernard Shaw once advised that "if a scene is too slow . . . the remedy in nine cases out of ten is for the actors to go slower and bring out the meaning better by contrasts of tone and speed." Richardson should have followed Shaw's advice.

Of Nicol Williamson's acting, I can say little. It was fitfully interesting. Undoubtedly, he is a good actor, but his Hamlet was in the final analysis monotonous, requiring more matter and more art.

Finally, why must every enterprising director delete the role of Fortinbras from the script, giving his final lines instead to Horatio? Much of Shakespeare's purpose is bound up in this small but important character.

My remedy for San Francisco's ailing theater is to encourage smaller playhouses staffed by actors and directors who really care to reach for human, as opposed to superficially theatrical,

cal, values. That might be asking for more intelligence and sensitivity than now is in vogue.

On the subject of intelligence, KQED's "Newsroom" (the only television series I faithfully watch) has a problem interviewing "show business personalities." A most obvious example was blues singer and guitarist B.B. King.

Host Mel Wax led off with "Well, B.B., just what is the blues?" and wound up with an embarrassing "Just how much money do you make?"

Entertainers are people, too, and interested in vital issues. It's time Newsroom broke with the "Tonight Show" tradition and started to ask more probing questions of show biz guests.

THE END

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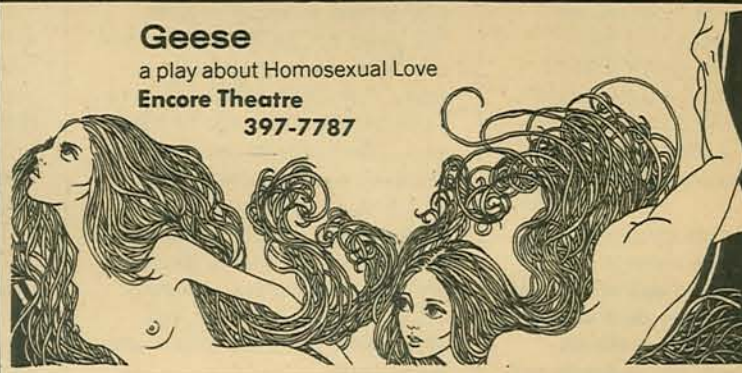
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ON GUARD

Water, water, everywhere!

of California have been cut (Cal by \$46 million in a single year), as have programs in mental health and medical care for the poor, to speed water project construction.

The most dramatic sacrifice: tuition charges are proposed for university students to offset in part the legislative cuts favoring water development for large Southern California landowners above education and mental health.

Imagine: college students subsidizing the land speculation schemes of the Los Angeles Times et al.

It's the sort of welfare scheme that only California (and Texas, with a similar \$3.5 billion state water bond issue) could conjure up and swallow whole. The irony is delicious.

To top things off, State Sen. Gordon Cologne of Indio has just attached a rider to the state tax rebate bill which would give Gov. Reagan the power to divert \$100 million of this tax rebate money (repeat: tax rebate money; that's tax money coming back to you and me) to the water project.

Where it all will end knows only God.

Note: Those waging the good fight against the filling of San Francisco Bay must now turn their guns on the state water plan. The project's peripheral canal plan "disconnects" San Francisco Bay from the fresh waters of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers. It detours the Sacramento around the delta.

Thus: the water plan not only writes off the Delta, but will convert San Francisco Bay into an ocean water cul-de-sac and end its rich estuarial history. It will be a mess.

Our new wayward bus

San Francisco's new buses are pretty. Splashed with red, silver and gold, their premier appearance would indicate a great leap forward from the asphyxiators of old. They are not.

The new General Motors buses are noisier than the old Mack buses and, after a pull up and down Nob and Cathedral Hills on the 38 Geary bus, I find they're slower and less powerful. Going up Cathedral, the engine raced to shift gears, then lurched terribly when the gears shifted--enough to throw the passengers off balance.

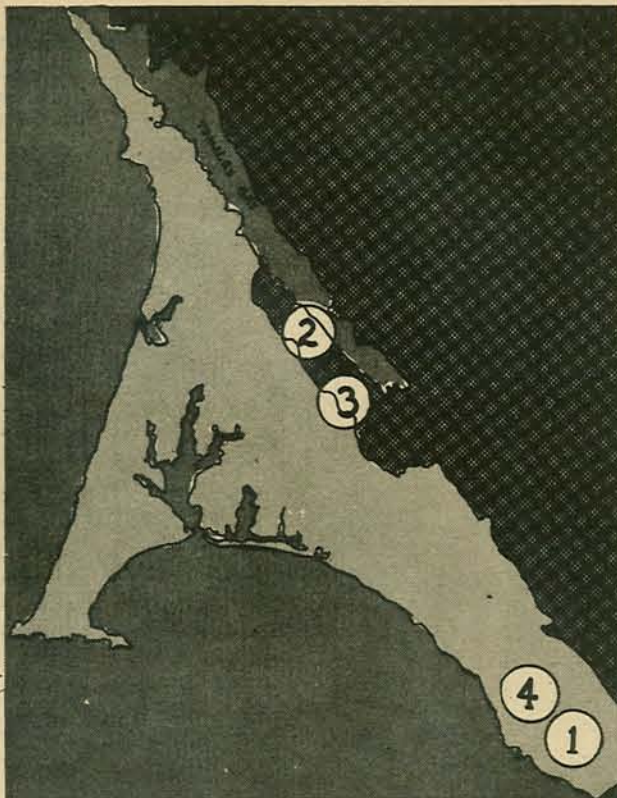
Have you stood at curbside when one ploughs forth? The bouquet of fumes, now invisible, is hardly less noxious.

One inside, the old irritations seem to be either carried along intact or accentuated: hard, empty seats without contours or padding, windows that may or may not open, much less knee room and a get-away-cord connecting to a raucous buzzer that sounds worse than your old alarm clock. (Remember the bell or soft ring in the old buses?)

Instead of stepping down on the old treadle step to open the back door, you must now grasp a vertical handle and push the door open--most inconvenient if you're carrying packages and don't have a free hand. The door then snaps back quickly so that, packages or a child, often get caught in the door.

To top things off, the brakes squeal just as the old ones did.

But the new buses have one advantage. They are bigger and the center aisle is very wide. At 9 a.m. and 5 p.m., instead of finding 75 or 80 riders stacked together like cord wood, we will find 125. Ah, technology in San Francisco.



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The new think in conservation

To combat the growing danger that large chunks of Pt. Reyes National Seashore soon will be sold and developed, the Nixon administration recently made a proposal that fast is becoming typical of its conservation policy.

The proposal: the government will buy the rest of Pt. Reyes, then sell back 9,000 acres to private interests for subdivision. The profit from the sell-back will reduce the final cost of the Point, the administration argues. The government rationale, therefore, runs like this: to prevent land developers from spoiling one of the West's last great expanses of seacoast, the government will take over and spoil it itself.

The idea is incredible, but it smells of similar policies in Santa Barbara ("We will continue the oil drilling to reduce the chance of another leak caused by oil drilling") and in the California-Nevada water pact ("The Piate Indians will have plenty of water for a reduced Pyramid Lake" Reduced?) It is the new-think of conservation.

Meanwhile, the rape of Pt. Reyes is upon us. The chief ranger says lots have been surveyed and preliminary roads bulldozed into the future housing sites.

Note: The proposals, both private and federal, would consume some of Point Reyes' most valuable acreage. Lake Ranch (1) is a 2,500 acre area the Points' chief ranger said was noted for its beauty and acceptability. Lots had been surveyed on the ranch. The housing development would eventually overlap or become a part of the government's 9,000 acre plan development (4).

The area surrounding Inverness is doing little better. A Coast Guard proposal (2) in Inverness valley would violate the West Marin master plan. The development's sewage disposal plan is macabre: (it will be sprayed onto a nearby hillside.) Meanwhile, private crackerbox developments eat piecemeal into the Inverness landscape (3).

We repeat: this is land designated as a national seashore. It should be yours forever.

PG&E and the truth

"Is it the truth?"

Is it fair to all concerned?

Will it build goodwill and better friendships?

Will it be beneficial to all concerned?"

Well, what have we here? We have the "Four Way Test" of Rotary International as published, with much lather and steam, in the April edition of the PG&E Progress, the giant utility's house organ, under the caption, "Old Principles Are Good Guides." Rotary's "four way test" provides "guidelines for decision-making which remain constant," the PG&E editorial said.

Okay, on behalf of the San Francisco public, let's apply PG&E's own choice of guidelines to PG&E's decision and policy of five decades to defy the City of San Francisco, federal courts, the U.S. Supreme Court and Congress and keep cheap public power out of San Francisco in violation of federal law. (See "How PG&E robs San Francisco of cheap power," March 27 Guardian, and "How PG&E flouts the law," pps. 2738-2742, in the April 3 Congressional Record.) PG&E then sells us its own expensive private power.

The material shows how the political combination of PG&E and the local daily press has for decades kept public power out of San Francisco--despite the fact the city produces its own Hetch Hetchy power in its own Sierra plant, despite the fact San Francisco is the only city in the U.S. required by federal law to build a municipal power system to distribute public power. On PG&E's decision/policy:

1. "Is it the truth?" The truth is that PG&E managed, through chicanery worth chronicling by Lincoln Steffens, to halt construction of the city's Sierra line just across the bay in Newark in the 1920's. PG&E then set up its tollgate in Newark and, ever since, has wheeled "private power" into San Francisco at an outrageous rate.

2. "Is it fair to all concerned?" It is fair only to PG&E. Every San Francisco resident and business pays through the nose. By scaling up the profits from cities like Palo Alto that have public power, Prof. Joseph Neilands at the University of California, Berkeley, has figured San Francisco loses \$30 million in public power profits.

3. "Will it build goodwill and better friendships?" PG&E's grab of public power in San Francisco keeps millions of dollars of public funds each year from desperately needed conservation, urban, educational and social projects. Thirty million a year can go a long way in building good will and a lot of other things.

4. "Will it be beneficial to all concerned?" Take a look at PG&E's surcharge for wheeling private power to San Francisco customers. In 1941, according to testimony before the House Public Lands Committee hearing in Washington, PG&E was buying Hetch Hetchy power at Newark from the city for \$2,400,000, then reselling it to SF consumers for \$9 million. The total overcharge: \$6,600,000. This overcharge has grown enormously in the succeeding 28 years. But nobody knows how much because neither PG&E nor the city will produce the records.

PG&E flunks its own Rotary test. Now how about a citizen's taxpayers suit, against the City of San Francisco, to put PG&E to the real test of law and order?

Note: It's good to see the Examiner, Russ Cone and Dick Nolan putting the sword to James Carr and his city's public utilities' empire. But Carr's main point of vulnerability is his abject refusal to move against PG&E and enforce the Raker Act.



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'Dames at Sea' - shed tears for Fred and Ginger

Dames at Sea (Hungry i)
The Hostage (ACT)
Stanford Summer Festival

"Dames at Sea," at the hungry i, reminds us that theatre can be fun. This show is double fun because it not only parodies the early movie musicals wittily enough to bring tears of laughter, it parodies so good-naturedly, so affectionately that you might even drop a few tears of sentiment and nostalgia.

George Haimsohn and Robin Miller have written a backstage libretto that has a show company losing its theatre on opening night and taking over a battleship for a stage. When someone announces tragically that the launch carrying the chorus boys has sunk, a sailor says happily, "Don't worry about that---there are 600 chorus boys on this ship!" And the hardboiled blond chorine with the heart of gold leans toward him earnestly and says, "Yeah, but can they Tap?"

Somehow, Neil Kenyon has directed his six performers on the tiny stage of the hungry i so that all the massive, million-dollar vulgarity of the vintage Busby Berkeley production numbers is captured perfectly.

The primary object of the parody is "42nd Street," but you might also recognize fond and

foolish suggestions of Astaire and Rogers, Rooney and Garland, and, in one oriental torch number, both Cagney in "Footlight Parade" and Julie Andrews in "Star," believe it or not.

Lacey's triumph

All the performers in "Dames at Sea" are good and all have their shining moments, but the all-around triumph of the evening is Barbara Lacey's. Her role is an amalgam of Bebe Daniels, Wini Shaw, Virginia Bruce, Fifi D'Orsay and several other musical menaces of the 30's. And she goes from one Big Number to another, each funnier than the one before.

Like so many things these days, "Dames at Sea" is terribly over-priced, but, since it's twice as good as anything else around, I forgive it. And recommend it.

I don't recommend the parody with which the ACT is closing its current season. Brendan Behan parodies the Irish Troubles and much of the human race in his wild, sloppy tragi-comedy "The Hostage," and I had to re-read it to make sure it really isn't as tiresome and painful as the ACT makes it.

In my conscientious attempts to analyze the ACT's approach to comedy and the reasons why it never makes me laugh, I've found that a line of dialogue

that reads easily in 10 seconds in the script might be given 20 or 30 seconds by the walking compendium of gesture, stance and declamation that passes for an actor in the ACT.

They literally make me tired, mugging and flailing and perspiring when they ought to be full of fun and grace. Only Carol Teitel in "The Hostage" communicates the comic spirit, and even her amusing little act wears out its welcome before the evening ends.

I often get the feeling that the grotesques who people Behan's play were being played by actors who themselves might be a bit grotesque, and it added up to so much grotesquerie that it was creepy rather than funny.

I think "The Hostage" might still be an entertaining romp, ripped off with speed and spirit, but the ponderous version at the Geary is a prolonged pain.

The Stanford Summer Festival has established a tradition of importing the very best from New York and elsewhere, but the two attractions I've seen so far this year make me wonder about how good the very best is nowadays.

Uncorseted circus

"In Circles" is an hour of uncorseted stream-of-consciousness by Gertrude Stein, set to music by Al Carmines, recited and sung by a talented group of actors, and drooled over by many of the very best New York critics.

How disappointing to find it an insufferable drag, except for a delightful ten minutes at the opening which was more Carmines than Stein. Her lines impress many people as beautifully poetic, and even I can see some evocative, musical value, or a good, sound sophomore level, in some of them. But I like coherence, and I don't find any in Gertrude Stein.

Luckily, Mr. Carmines padded out the evening by sitting at the piano for 30 minutes following "In Circles" and singing some of the songs he has written for other shows. It was one of the most entertaining 30 minutes I can remember. Most of these songs are from a show called "Promenade" now running in New York, and, although the New Yorker Magazine says it isn't quite as good as "In Circles," I'm sure it must be much better.

The local critics have been foaming with praise of another Stanford attraction, "Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Liv-

ing in Paris," but again I was disappointed. Elly Stone is an attractive young singer who has brought the typically Parisian songs of Brel to enthusiastic audiences in New York and London. And now Palo Alto.

She shares the stage with three other talented singers, and with verve and authority they reel off one Brel song after another. The first few impressed me a great deal, and I was prepared to believe that I was spending a memorable evening in the theatre.

Repeating repetition

Then I gradually realized that the eighth and ninth songs were a great deal like the third and fourth, and the vocal and physical mannerisms of the perform-

ers that had struck me as charming and authoritative were diminishing in effect with each repetition. And the evening was full of repetition.

Unless the English translations were terribly inept, the songs of Jacques Brel seem to me to be less varied, less full of worldly wisdom and less worthy of an entire evening's attention than would the songs of George and Ira Gershwin, of Cole Porter, or of Rodgers and Hart.

But of course Brel is Parisian, and that gives his product a snob appeal that goes over big with college people.

Stanford has wisely scheduled the Joffrey Ballet again for this summer's festival, and that's something we can look forward to with no fear of disappointment.

THE END

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A dishwasher in buckskin and a limping, grubby drifter

War and Peace (Bridge)
Midnight Cowboy (Northpoint)
Easy Rider (Music Hall)

By

Margo

Skinner



For sheer vastness, there will probably never be another film to equal the Russian "War and Peace." Its cost has been estimated at \$100 million and, after cutting for American exhibition, it still runs six hours and 13 minutes. Director Sergei Bondarchuk (who also co-authored the script and plays a lead) has used an immense cast, including 240,000 Red Army soldiers as extras in the Battle of Borodino.

This climactic sequence, itself almost an epic of war, is about an hour long, and has tremendous power. Images of bravery and destruction pile up incredibly, with the camera everywhere: in close-up on a wounded, screaming soldier's face, at ground level for the booted feet of infantry, the racing hooves of cavalry horses, in the sky by helicopter for a panoramic view of the battle field so vividly recreated. The earlier

engagements at Schoen Grabern and Austerlitz and the burning of Moscow has such verisimilitude that you wonder how the actors survived the flames.

The "peace" scenes are on the grand scale: Natasha's first ball, with 300 dancers whirling on a magnificent parquet floor; an exciting hunt, with a wolf pursued by borzois; droskys full of holiday maskers racing across a vast field of ice. Smaller, richly detailed domestic scenes capture effectively the social life of the time.

"War and Peace" follows faithfully Tolstoy's novel. Casting is excellent. Director Bondarchuk plays the clumsy, idealistic Pierre (who, alas, the dubbed dialogue tells us, has a "heart of gold"). Ludmila Savelyeva, a



young ballerina, is enchanting as Natasha in her acting debut.

Vyacheslav Tihonov has Prince Andrei's elegance, though he comes across less clearly without the actor's own voice, essential in the creation of a reserved spiritual aristocrat. On the other hand, Boris Zahava is completely convincing as the aged, half-blind General Kutuzov, conqueror of Napoleon, and Victor Stanitsin as Andrei's crusty father is right out of Tolstoy's pages.

The clichés of dubbed English dialogue and narration flaw "War and Peace." The important character of Platon, the simple soldier who changes Pierre's life, Tolstoy's archetype of the spiritual wisdom of the Russian peasant, is virtually lost amid vast historical events (perhaps due to cutting). Nonetheless, this overwhelming Russian epic is an extraordinary experience. We shall not see its like again.

As unique in a particularly American way is "Midnight Cowboy," in which Jon Voight, as the ex-Texas dishwasher in buck-

skin and 10-gallon hat trying to realize his dream in New York, becomes an instant star. Helping and hindering him in his goal of becoming a prosperous stud for rich women, is Dustin Hoffman, wonderful as Ratso, a limping, grubby drifter born in the dirt of the city.

The New York of the non-tourist has rarely been better revealed: tawdry 42nd Street, with its male and female hustlers, shooting galleries, cheap bars and theaters; the lonely subway at night; and, encountered early by our hero, an unconscious man on the sidewalk in front of Fifth Avenue Tiffany's, an uncaring crowd flowing past him.

The whole unsavory milieu, and the two central characters, come alive with understanding, humor and compassion--through Homer Salt's tight script and John Schlesinger's sensitive direction. I'm reminded of Ben Jonson's gulls in 16th-century London; of Nelson Algren's night-side Chicago; even, at times, of Dostoevsky.

"Midnight Cowboy" is funny, compassionate and powerful, my pick as the best American picture of the year.

A bad trip

"Easy Rider," an ambitious film produced by Peter Fonda (also its co-author and star), is less successful, though visually and musically exciting. Essentially episodic, it is a picaresque about a motorcycle trip by Fonda and Dennis Hopper (who also directed) through the American Southwest. The publicity handout says that 90 per cent of the film was ad libbed on a real journey of thousands of miles. The result: loose construction, superficial characterization and bad dialogue. As in Kerouac's "On the Road," of which this is probably the late 1960's cinematic equivalent, there is little wit or profundity in the conversations about life, carried on, joints in hand, by Fonda and Hopper.

A meal shared with a Mexican ranch family, a chilling encounter with some Texas KKK types in a lunchroom--these are the effective scenes. A peculiar montage of sexual and religious images à la Fellini, as the heroes make love to prostitutes in a New Orleans alley during Mardi Gras, is arresting but confusing. "Easy Rider's" conclusion is pure paranoia: strangers gun down the two motorcyclists on the highway.

FUNNY, INSPIRED, EXTRAORDINARY in their Atlantic City of Genet--in their Forest Hills of drag--these gentlemen in bras, diaphanous gowns, lipstick, hairfalls and huffs, discussing their husbands in the military in Japan, or describing their own problems with the draft--one grows fond of all of them.

-Renata Adler, N.Y. Times

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By Creighton H. Churchill

Berkeley's many years of urban guerrilla warfare have left their imprint on more than the campus and People's Park. Telegraph Avenue has changed with the flow and ebb of weirdness, but in unexpected directions. As the "straight" business folded, increasingly expensive Hip shops moved in, making Telegraph the Fifth Avenue of the Aquarian Age.

The resident Bank of America put huge picture windows in its remodeling job. They lasted several weeks until a quiet, neighborhood riot broke out. The windows now are all massive brick panels in a cast concrete wall. But the bank's design is still pleasing, even if fortress-like.

Down a block and several yards up Channing is a funky, re-done Victorian house, converted into a group of stores and restaurants called CHANNING PLACE. Historically plagued by high tenant failures, the Place seems now to have a strong operation.

On the main floor, with an imaginative and pleasant outside patio and cafe/sundeck, is BERNINI'S, a coffeehouse, deli and beer establishment. The interior is clean, spare and wood paneled. Art work and posters hang about, and the atmosphere is graduate-student-relaxed. The deck has umbrellaed tables and is the best open air cafe in Town.

Prices are usually low, and there are some fantastic plunges into multi-layered sundaes and ice cream sculptures.

REZA'S DELI several doors down, at 2426 Telegraph, is a new addition, featuring sandwiches for under \$1.00, salads and cheese style of menu common in Berkeley. Food is good, waitresses pretty.

Haste and Telegraph, two blocks down from People's Park, is the hub of "street people" action. PEPE'S PIZZA, in the middle of the block, for years has been a bike freak and general heavy hip dropout center. Hell's Angels rub shoulders with black dealers and poli-sci professors on the prowl.

Next door used to be a large Lucky's supermarket, now transformed into a hipish boutique and restaurant.

XANADU, the headshop supermarket, just flung wide its doors. It sells everything from dope pipes to reconditioned antique fur coats, with heavy stress on the decorator, or "establishment" hip merchandise of a mass-produced variety. There are some good things and occasional bargains in new clothes and custom designed gear. Open at night, with much incense and strobe lights.

The FORUM, the other half of the old Lucky's, has remodelled for the third time, putting a wrought iron picket fence across the front, floor to ceiling, but hinged in the middle so the top half can drop down and allow the now more inclosed "sidewalk" cafe section to still operate. Food, quasi-Italian and good, comes with different species of coffees and teas. Customers are plastic hip or apprentice hip, though of late they have become more "real". The large, barnlike main room has been cleaned up, giving everyone a good view of everyone else, the main entertainment feature. Front gates go up in time of friendly insurrections.

CODY'S, the town's best paperback store, is no longer open at nights. Because of its strategic corner at Haste and Telegraph, Cody's has many sidewalk vendors camping before its doors at all hours, selling jewelry, candles, hippie whatnots. Even a small flower stand.

Several doors down, MOE'S, the renowned haven of the used books and records, is moving--but just several paces toward Dwight. Where the Christian Science Reading room use to molder quietly, a new "religion" has taken over, that of the "Mystics," including astrology. In SHAMBALA, you can find most any text or paperback on magic, mythology, oriental religions, astrology and the occult. Downstairs is an "astrologer's round table" where you can have your chart done or discuss the karmic level of an obscure cusp.

The STORE, a Telegraph institution specializing in obscure bits of Americana, has been boarded up. Under tremendous pressure from both the police and the straighter Telegraph merchants (yes, there are some), Bill Miller, Berkeley Folk Hero, finally ran out of resources and stopped fighting to stay open. Yarmo, hip dress shop next door, may expand into the vacated quarters. The loss of the Store is depressing, for it was the realist, most non-plastic, non-commercial venture on the avenue, the Hip citizens rallying point. Alas.

Just beyond Dwight on Telegraph are many new Hip shops in a real-to-life Hip shopping center on the lines of a modern mini Cannery. Also fairly new is an underground/classic cinema complex with two theatres, much of the style of the old "studio a and b" on the campus northside.

Carol Doda has a new show. Not an event to stop traffic, the production at her North Beach club does have certain charm and canted whimsy. For a skin flic.

Inflamed by the moderate success of Carol's first effort, a combination of singing, dancing and a movie, Voss productions threw together more of the same. It oozes sex and Carol disguised as a large beaver shot. Voss productions is a cabal of North Beach club owners.

North Beach's Latin Quarter is the best illustration of the dying after hours format. It is plastic, raucous, (when there are crowds) door charged and overpriced. With a bad rock band for added inducement. Like topless joints but without liquor. A little bit of Los Angeles for xenophobes to bomb.

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Two towers

—continued from page 5

not noticed that the billion dollars plus of recent office buildings have lowered my tax bill, nor have I noticed any increase in city services. Mayor Alioto and most public officials welcome any project as long as it's big.

City streets' rights-of-way have been "sold," enthusiastically for such projects as Embarcadero Center, International Market Center, the Alcoa Building, Presbyterian Medical Center, Golden Gateway, Bank of America—and now Transamerica. The price established by charter is a fraction of the appraised value. These key parcels that allow a developer to assemble a big project are worth many times, perhaps hundreds of times, the value of adjacent property.

The portion of Merchant Street Transamerica needs has been valued at \$133,000 by the City's real estate department. But since the City will need to condemn a portion of the Washington Street frontage to widen that street, it has proposed to trade the land, Transamerica, it is therefore likely, will pay nothing for the use of Merchant Street.

The vacation of Merchant Street, it should be emphasized, is absolutely essential for Transamerica. Public hearings will be held this month before the Board of Supervisors. If this hearing goes as have many I have attended in the past, a parade of public relations experts and lawyers will extoll the virtues of the project, followed by a band of private citizens in opposition. The vote will favor the developers.

The Suburban flight

The only way to turn this tradition around, I firmly believe, is for enough citizens to convince supervisors up for reelection that they represent a real voting block. These supervisors should also be told we oppose any further sale of streets rights-of-way that constitute the view corridors in our strange, but wonderful city.

Let us pursue further the issue of tax rolls and public welfare. Are we not, by encouraging major office structures, encouraging the very thing that most cities profess to be most disturbed about—the flight to the suburbs by the white, middle class families? Our cities are becoming homes for only the very rich, the very poor and somewhat strange.

Are we not tending toward the model of Manhattan, "a nice place to visit, but..." with Wall Street on one end and Harlem on the other and a good transit system to get you the hell out where you want to be because you are just a mite scared?

As to private property rights versus the rights of the communities' legal apparatus, it would seem "everyone is equal before the law, but some people are more equal than others." Sausalito's "Madonna Tower" stands on private property, albeit somewhat wet.

If the property owner, Mr. Arques, were proposing to fill the land, I predict there would be considerable support from the broaden-the-tax-base bloc. Mr. Arques, it seems, favors colorful and non-conforming tenants. Transamerica, I suggest, had less trouble with San Francisco bureaucracy than does the private citizen who applies for a permit to plant a tree in his sidewalk.

I am not against big projects. But I do feel strongly that, the bigger the project, the more the public should question it because of its greater effect on our environment. Things don't work this way in the real world.

We are more concerned and fascinated by the front page murder of the day than about the Vietnam War. We are distracted by the untidiness of the Sausalito houseboats from the larger issue of whether there will be a bay at all.

San Francisco will grow and it will grow tall, but it should grow in a sensible manner which does not infringe unnecessarily on the rights of those who insist stubbornly on living in the city rather than using it,

THE END

Anderson

—continued from page 2

one's own emotional state.

In general, these level-of-life experiments try to alleviate a universe in which the energy level is very low. Feelings, perceptions, responses never quite seem to be as intense as we feel they can be.

There is a suspicious look on our faces most of the time that comes from our lack of knowledge about how to handle the world and ourselves. We seem to be moving always in a fog. Sometimes, the fog clears and we are able to act as we always think we're capable of acting but very soon

the fog closes in again, and you are again unable to look anybody in the eye. But maybe we are at last pressing into the future, the shift on the part of so many people we know seems to indicate that, with the aid of all our awareness, including those that come from technology, an ability to put the revolution into practice on a day-to-day level is no longer a Utopian dream but an absolute necessity.

For living in such a cut-off way as we do is becoming as offensive to us as poverty, or war or racial prejudice.

THE END

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Rexroth

—continued from page 4

ed out of his ecological niche; he has destroyed everybody's ecology. The changes which have taken place already in this generation are greater than those postulated to account for the extinction of the dinosaurs.

Political Reality

Can the youth revolt, now that it is finding out what is most important of all to revolt against, make a significant difference? It can try. At least in the struggle to live a balanced life of mutual aid, of symbiosis with all the other creatures on earth.

It can find the objectives, the hierarchy of life values, and the sources of self discipline which it has lacked. In so doing it will create an actual, integral counter culture, a community of health within the Great Sickness, a New Moral World, as Robert Owen called his community.

If we can achieve an ecological morality, we will have achieved a community based on Kropotkin's Mutual Aid, and Schweitzer's respect for life, and Buddha's love for all

sentient creatures and at the same time a spiritual morality and a community ethic with readily verifiable scientific foundations and with applications and consequences as detailed in the specific day to day acts and relations as can be found in any 12 volume work of casuistry and moral theology.

Applications will be most always quite obvious and will not need a Talmud or a casuistry. Can this happen? There is everything against it.

The Dutch Royal family, the duPonts, the Rockefellers, drench the world with poisons. The black militants raid family planning offices in the ghettos and beat up the workers. The head of India's birth control plan proposes to solve the problem with a year of national abstinence. The Pope says if you take the pill, you'll go to hell.

If poets like Gary Snyder, Michael McClure, Richard Brautigan, David Meltzer, Ron Loewinsohn, Lew Welch and the rest and their audiences preach and practice the ecological revolution, they're not likely to win.

The time is gone, but at least they can establish a Kingdom in the face of Apocalypse, a garrisoned society of the morally responsible which will face extinction with clean consciences and lives as happily lived as possible.

THE END

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The disabled

—continued from page 6

There was such a small number of disabled people in the area, the group was also told, it wouldn't justify the installation of elevators.

Within a week of getting these excuses, the group pulled a demonstration and sat down in front of BART bulldozers. The Oakland Tribune published the outstanding photographs over the caption, "BART BURIES THE DISABLED." The first person on the scene was BART's insurance carrier.

Within two hours, the group got a meeting promised with BART's board. There were many meetings, there was much correspondence, there was a step backward for every two steps forward. Then the Department of Rehabilitation stepped in and told BART you must put in elevators.

We are humans

Summed up Takeda: "We're 99 per cent sure we'll get elevators in most stations. Our next concern--really a concurrent concern--is to get an adequate feeder system" (a bus system to transport people to and from main BART stations.)

The triumph over BART is important. But we are sick of waiting. We are sick of being referred to as "handicapped," of having to make our need felt at every turn.

That a disabled person has to pay more at the theater be-

cause he cannot climb to the balcony is unjust. That he must pay more for housing because most stepless places are modern expensive buildings is unjust. That he must pay more for (private) transportation because public transportation is inaccessible to him is an injustice. That he should be denied recreation, education, employment, is a profound denial of his civil rights.

As a dancer friend once said, if one muscle in the body is weak, all the muscles are put under additional strain.

We learned from BART that we need no longer be built out of life. Collier put it eloquently:

"If BART chooses to make a headcount of the disabled in order to find out whether there is a need for special provisions, this headcount is useless; If no provisions are made to start with, disabled people will not use BART, and BART can say to us, 'See, no disabled used our facilities. There's no need for special provisions.' This reasoning is fallacious and we do not choose to be put into freight elevators along with the garbage. We are human beings, not excess waste of the BART system."

Indignant, bitter

Returning from my vacation, I felt indignation and bitterness mount afresh. I recalled Charles Collier's words: "We won every case we fought. We didn't fight a case unless we knew we were right."

True CRD had won the BART

battle, and many welfare cases it took to court. But when it tried to get funds from the Office of Economic Opportunity, nothing sufficient came through. The hard fact is the CRD has folded in Oakland.

"We gave up trying to get funding from OEO," Collier said. "I feel very sorry that it folded, but the amount of energy it required to keep going was just too much to take. I had to look for work. And there was no money to continue the work it takes to keep people going."

What about prospects for the future? "We need people who really care--how the hell do you allow people who are dedicated to the field to continue without funds?"

It is a sure physical fact that sharing a physical weight (if it is rightly shared) makes it lighter. It is a truth of the spirit that sharing a sorrow eases the weight. Josephine Miles has a poem, "The Sympathizers:"

The Sympathizers

by Josephine Miles

To this man, to his boned shoulders
Came the descent of pain.

All kinds
Cruel, blind, dear, horrid, hallowed,
Rained, again again.

We were there. We uneasy
Did not know if it were.
Knew neither
The reason nor the man nor whether
To share, or to beware.

THE END

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The artists, Pictured from left to right: Esteban Villa, Ben Hazard, David Bradford, Malaquais Montoya, Baldwin Ellis, Manuel Hernandez
Not pictured: George Smith, Avotcja Ackerman, Jose Montoya

'Art for and of the People'

Esteban Villa, a chicano sculptor, thus sums up an important but little publicized art show of black and chicano artists presented by the Peralta Colleges' Inner City Project in Oakland.

The nine man show of painting, sculpture and photography is the best of several Third World exhibitions that have popped up recently in the Bay Area. All present artist seeking to create art that "will be recognized by black and chicano communities as reflecting their aspirations," as a Peralta release put it.

The exhibit is at the West Oakland Development Center, 2357 San Pablo Ave., Oakland, through Aug. 15.

